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"Give me your hand, lad, and tell me whether you have seen any thing of the Brigade? I'm afeard we're in a condemned difficulty!"

THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, Ned Hazel, The Boy Trapper.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,

The Hunter-Author, and Nephew of the Celebrated Old Grizzly Adams, the Bear-tamer of the Rocky Mountains.

CHAPTER I.

A "CONDEMNED DIFFIKILTY."

"HERE I am in a condemned difficulty ag'in," muttered Nick Whiffles, as he seated himself on a broad, flat rock, on the bank of the Elk river, far up in Oregon, close to the boundary line between that then wild territory and British America.

The eccentric old trapper had spent many years in roaming through the vast solitudes of the North-west, sometimes in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and sometimes in the employ of the North-west Fur Company, but perhaps more frequently entirely alone. A man of his peculiar temperament and tastes was sure to be widely known, both at the far-scattered trading-posts and among the numerous trappers and hunters that wandered through that vast wilderness, which at that comparatively recent day, knew scarcely any thing of the advantages of civilization.

As was the inevitable custom of Nick, when in a quandary, he relieved himself by self-communing.

"The Whiffles family was always noted for the way they had of getting into difficulty. The first thing I remember was in getting spanked on account of some condemned difficulty that I had got into with my mother, and the next thing was the measles and whooping-cough, and then when I got fairly over them and a dozen other diseases, our house took fire and burned down, and about the time the old gent got it rebuilt, it took fire and burned down ag'in. Wal, he didn't

say nothin', but when the cabin went the third time, he got mad and said that thing was getting rather monotonous, and he would like, by way of variety, to see it shook down by an earthquake, or carried away by a hurricane; but of course none of them things happened.

"Then, when the old gentleman took his last sleep, and they came to read his will, we found the lawyer had my name down wrong; instead of being Nick Whiffles, Esq., it was Old Nick, so I didn't get the bequest at all, but then, as everything else had been willed away already, I didn't lose much after all. My older brother got the house, but, afore he could move in it there come a big freshet that carried it down-stream, and that was the last of that.

"There was no end to my difficulties. When I got to be a young man, I spent a whole summer's earnings in buying a suit of clothes. I had got to be a little tender on a cross-eyed girl that lived about a half-mile off, and as soon as I could stow myself away in my new suit, I started out to see her. She gave me a hint that she wa'n't particularly anxious, as when I went to go in the house, she set her dog on me, and the very first dash he made, he ripped out the whole seat of my pants and run away with it, so that there was no chance of putting the missing cloth back ag'in.

"Wal, Nick Whiffles has seen a good deal in the way of difficulty since them days, but, somehow or other, the good Lord has brought me through all right, and, although I bear a good many soars, I'm yet sound in

limb and wind, and able to eat my usual hunk of venison, follow the trail of an enemy, or run my eye along old Humbug here in a way that'll make her bite when she barks; and for all this I'm thankful."

The old trapper was silent a few moments, as if in a deep reverie. Near by his horse, known as Shagbark, was lazily cropping the grass in a way that showed he was in no famishing condition, to say the least.

At the feet of Nick Whiffles flowed the Elk river, quiet and untroubled by the slightest ripple of wind. On the other side, and as far as the eye could reach, stretched the Oregon woods. There were woods on every hand, and far off in the distance could be seen the white peaks of the Rocky Mountains, their tops covered with the snows of centuries.

It was one vast solitude, such as it had stood at "creation's morn," and looking upon the figure of the trapper as he half-sat and half-reclined upon the stone, it would have been easy to imagine him some statue cut from the rock itself.

But, as Nick remarked, at the opening of our story, he was in a "condemned difficulty"—nothing very serious, it is true, but enough to cause him some annoyance, and to occasion him considerable communing with himself.

Three days before he had crossed the line into British America and was making his way toward the Saskatchewan, when he turned out of his path, somewhat, to call at Fort Wilber to see some of his old friends, when he learned that the brigade of the Or-

egon Department of the Hudson Bay Company was expected in within a week; it had divided up into several companies and two of the canoes were on their way down the Elk river, for the purpose of bartering for a very valuable lot of furs and peltries that were known to be in the possession of a party of Blackfeet, whose village was on the northern bank of this stream. The traders expected to obtain Nick Whiffles to act as a sort of "go-between" in the business, as he stood on good terms with these treacherous people, and his universally known and respected probity could not fail to make him a valuable man to both parties in the business.

Nick had acted in this capacity before, so that when the wishes of the trappers were made known to him, he felt under a sort of obligation to accept, and he turned the head of his horse, Shagbark, toward the south, and, accompanied by his sagacious dog, Calamity, made the best possible time for Elk river again.

The particular "diffikilty" to which he referred was this: His cabin was about twenty miles away from where we now find him, and there he had left a young protégé of his—a bright-eyed boy known as Ned Hazel, a sort of waif of the woods, that had come into his hands, in a singular manner, a number of years before when he was little more than a mere child. It had been left at the "cottage," with the understanding that his adopted "father" was not expected to return under three weeks, and now he was back again at the end of that

number of days. He was anxious to take the little fellow on this short excursion, and had stopped at his house in the hope of finding him, but he was off on a hunt of his own, and Nick, not daring to wait, had hurried off for Elk river, where we now find him.

But where was the brigade? Above him or below him? That was the question for him to decide, and having no data by which to make his calculation, he set it down as a "condemned difficulty."

He had sent Calamity a half-mile up the river to watch and to report to him the first appearance of the brigade, while he enjoyed the uncomfortable sensation of knowing that, as likely as not, the party for whom he was waiting, might be drawing further away from him each moment.

"There's a company of them Nor'-westers somewhere in this neighborhood, and if they happen to run ag'in' the brigade there'll be the condemned difficulty ever heard tell on. Hello! what's up, Shagbark?"

His horse had suddenly ceased eating, and, raising his head, with the grass unchewed in his mouth, gave a whinny, clearly indicating that some one or something was approaching.

"What is it?" asked Nick, instantly becoming all vigilance himself.

The horse held his head motionless for a moment, and then resumed his cropping the grass, as unconsciously as before.

Nick Whiffles smiled.

"That means it's Calamity coming. You critters understand each other about as well as I understand you both."

The words were yet in his mouth, when the huge dog that had been the companion of Whiffles in so many exciting incidents of his life, burst through the undergrowth and signified his pleasure by whining, wagging and licking the hand of his master. The latter patted his head with no less delight.

"What is it, Calamity, for I know by your ways that there's something coming down the river? Is it the brigade or some other sort of animal?"

How, or by what means, Nick got at the meaning of the dog, it would be impossible for us, an "outsider" to say, but it required only a few moments for him to learn that it was not the brigade, but a single canoe descending the river.

"That much being said," said Nick, "the difficulty is as to *who* handles the paddle; like enough some murderous Blackfoot; but," he added, with some hesitation, as he narrowly scrutinized the actions of his dog, "the animal don't act in that way. He seems to have a better opinion of the chap than me."

As it was impossible to gather the full meaning of Calamity, Nick could only cast his eye up the river and wait for the mystery to solve itself.

He was not left long in waiting. Around the curve in the river, just above him, a small canoe suddenly shot to view, in which was seated a small boy, dressed as a hunter, and using the long ash paddle with no slight skill.

The eyes of Nick Whiffles sparkled as he recognized the lad, and he rose and waved his hand as a signal.

"Bless the soul of little Ned; his own father couldn't love him any more than I do."

The water splashed and flashed in the sunlight, as the lad sent his little boat skimming over the surface of the river. A few moments only were needed for the prow of the canoe to strike the gravel at the feet of the hunter, who advanced to the water's edge to greet his pet.

"Give me your hand, lad, and tell me whether you have seen any thing of the brigade."

"Nothing, uncle Ned."

"I was afraid you hadn't; then I'm afraid we're in a condemned difficulty."

CHAPTER II.

THE HUDSON BAY MEN.

An observer would not have failed to be struck with the contrast of appearance between Nick Whiffles and the boy with whom he was now conversing.

The hunter was bronzed, scarred and toughened by the torrid heat of summer and the Arctic coldness of the tempests that during the winter months sweep over the plains and mountains of the North-west. His face was shaggy with its untrimmed grizzled beard, and his hair, that escaped from beneath his coon-skin cap, was silvered by the same hand that spares none of us. There was immense strength in those long, muscular limbs, and although Nick generally moved with a slow, shuffling gait, he was capable of astonishing quickness and celerity of movement when necessary.

Ned Hazel, as he was called, was about fifteen years of age, rather slight for that number of years, with eyes as bright, and cheeks as delicately ruddy, as if he had been born and reared in the palace of some noble in sunny France.

His movements were all grace, and underneath the delicacy of feature and motion, the grand basis of rugged health that had already triumphed over obstacles under which many a man would have succumbed. There was no doubting that the deep affection of Nick Whiffles was fully reciprocated by Ned; whose lustrous eyes glowed with a brighter light when he looked the grizzled old hunter in the face.

The boy began frolicking with the dog, while Nick turned his eyes up-stream, with an anxious expression of countenance that showed that his mental "difficulty" was far from being purely imaginary. Suddenly he turned to Ned.

"Were ye looking for me, lad?"

"That was what brought me here."

"And what reason had you to think me here, when you see'd me start for Fort William?"

"Why, uncle Nick," replied Ned, pausing in his gambols with Calamity, "you hadn't been gone a half day when I happened to think it was just the time last year when you went down the river with the brigade, and I knew you expected to do the same this spring; so I was sure you had forgot it. But you was so far away that there was no use in my trying to overtake you, and I thought perhaps you would think of it and come back yourself. Sure enough, when I come back I found signs in the cabin that told me you had been there. I understood what it meant, so I made for the river, and jumping into the canoe, here I am."

"If I only knowed—Hark!" suddenly exclaimed Whiffles, his face lighting up, while he assumed an attitude of attention.

"Did you hear nothing then, youngster?"

"Yes; it is the brigade," replied Ned, also intently listening. "Yes; it's the brigade," he quickly added; "just as I hear them."

Through the quiet air, mellowed and softened by the intervening distance, came the sound of male voices singing in time with the regular sweep of their paddles. There was a profundity of tone, and an impressive melody in the blending of the score and more of voices that struck the ears of both Nick and the boy.

"I've heard that same thing many a time before," muttered the hunter, more to himself than to his companion, "and it allers makes me feel all overish. Three years ago, when I was on the Saskatchewan, I was asleep one night, in my canoe, when I awoke and heard the brigade about a mile up the river where they were encamped, singing. I listened awhile till they started off on the identical hymn that I used to hear sung when I was a boy. Wal, fore I knowed it, the tears was running down my cheeks, and I was back in the little village church at home, with my old gray-haired mother and father, the choir singing that same hymn. Wal, wal, what's the use?"

He drew his hand across his eyes, as though some mist obscured his vision, and with a great sigh, turned his back upon the past and looked up the river—into the future.

Two large boats, or canoes, a moment later glided to view, the melody swelling out, with a full volume, as it was free from all intervening obstruction, and floated over the smooth face of the river.

Each canoe was capable of holding twenty-five or thirty men, but, at present, there was little over twenty in the entire party.

They were after furs and peltries, and took with them a good working crew and no more. A few moments after they appeared, Nick Whiffles stepped to the edge of the stream and motioned with his hand for them to approach. He was recognized at once, and both canoes instantly headed toward shore. The inmates showed no intention of landing, but the foremost rounded to for him and Ned to step aboard.

"We yield you the place of honor," said a round-faced, Scotch-looking gentleman, whom Nick recognized as William Mackintosh, a leading man in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. "There's a room for your boy and your dog. I don't suppose you want to take your horse along?"

"No; I will leave Shagbark here."

"Suppose he wanders away?"

"He knows better than to go very far; and he and Calamity understand each other so well that they're sure to find each other out. Come, dog, in with you, and lad, do you follow."

Calamity sprang lightly into the front of the canoe, while the boy leaped, as nimbly as a fawn, after him. Then the old hunter followed, with more deliberation and dignity. As he glanced over the crews, he identified quite a number, and nodded good-naturedly to them. But no other salutation passed between them, they attending strictly to business, leaving their director, Mr. Mackintosh, to play the part of host.

The latter chatted pleasantly with Nick, but all the time he nervously scanned the lad, who sat, playing with the dog, and occasionally glancing at the shore as they glided by.

"Nick," said Mr. Mackintosh, after a while, "I had heard that you had a boy, but I never saw him before. He doesn't resemble you a bit."

"And why should he?"

"I believe you can always detect a likeness between father and son, and I've been studying for the last ten minutes to see where it is between you and him, but it isn't there at all."

"I never was married, and consequently I never had a son. He is no more a relation of mine than you are."

"Ah! who is he?"

"Ned Hazel."

"I know, but where did he come from, and how is it that he is in this part of the world?"

Nick seemed on the point of replying to this question, in full, when he suddenly checked himself.

"If it's all the same to you, Mr. Mackintosh, we won't talk about that thing. You understand?"

The Scotchman did understand, and showed his good breeding, by skillfully turning the conversation upon business matters.

"We shan't make the Indian village to-night, I'm afraid, Nick?"

The hunter turned his head, and scrutinized the shore a moment, so as to make sure of his location before answering.

"No; but there is going to be a full moon, and you can go a good distance; you orter try and hit it near daylight."

"Can we do it by rowing an hour or two this evening?"

"Yes; powerful easy."

"Then it shall be done; we can make a good dozen miles before night."

"Yes, as we've got the current with us."

"You haven't seen any of the Nor'-westers have you?"

"Not lately; but there's a party of 'em somewhere in the country. I've run ag'inst signs of 'em, and then I've heard of 'em through some of the red-skins."

"I hope they won't get down to the Blackfoot village ahead of us, for we count on making a good haul there."

"I don't think there's any likelihood of that, but some of them chaps ar' as cunning as foxes."

"I hope, too, that our party will not encounter them."

As Mackintosh added these words, it was with a seriousness which showed that he was earnest in the wish which he had expressed.

CHAPTER III.

THE PHANTOM PRINCESS.

Just as the shades of night began settling over Elk river and the adjoining wilderness, the brigade (as it was improperly termed) turned the heads of their canoes toward shore, and landed at a point where there was a sort of natural clearing in front of a dense wood.

Here the fine discipline of the party was made manifest. A certain number at once busied themselves in gathering wood for fuel, others brought forth the provisions, which they always carried with them, while every one seemed to have some particular duty to perform, and to understand what it was without any direction from the leader of the party.

The Hudson Bay Company, although trading through its agents, with friendly Indians, still had occasional difficulty with some of the tribes within their territory. When they penetrated into the Oregon department, they generally went prepared for any emergency, and the caution that distinguished all their movements showed that they were not without apprehensions regarding their safety.

Two of their members therefore took upon themselves to act the part of scouts, while Nick Whiffles, for the satisfaction of himself and Mackintosh, started out to reconnoiter the country that immediately surrounded them. He went entirely alone—that is, with no companions except his inseparable friend Calamity.

Mackintosh waited until certain that the trapper was fairly out of the camp, and then, while his men were busy at their respective duties, he turned to the lad and invited him to seat himself upon the blanket at his side. The boy obeyed cheerfully, but showed, in his manner, that he had some curiosity to know what it all meant.

The Scotchman had made up his mind to do a thing about which he had some compunctions of conscience, that is, he intended to question the boy without the knowledge of Nick Whiffles.

At the same time, he wished to do nothing in itself wrong. Doubtful whether the lad knew the precise nature of the relationship existing between him and the eccentric trapper, he determined carefully to avoid enlightening him in that respect.

Speaking in the most matter-of-fact manner, he said:

"Your name is Ned, I believe?"

"Yes; Ned Hazel."

"Not Nick Whiffles, eh?"

"Oh! no, Nick is not my father; only my uncle."

That point settled, the interlocutor felt the way more clear.

"How do you like this sort of life?"

"Very well."

The manner in which this reply was made proved that the lad, to say the least, was not perfectly satisfied.

"This out-door rugged life is certainly very healthy. I presume you do not know of such a thing as sickness by experience?"

"No, sir," was the respectful reply.

"You talk like a boy of some education. Do you know how to read?"

"Oh! yes; Nick can read a little, and he brought me some books from the forts that I have studied; but then, I don't know much," naively added Ned, with a laugh.

"You are about fifteen years of age, I should judge."

"That's it exactly."

"A boy who has spent all his life in the woods isn't apt to acquire as much as you have done."

This was a feeler thrown out with an object, and it accomplished its purpose.

"But I haven't always lived in the woods."

"Ah! how is that?"

"Didn't Nick tell you that he found me in a canoe, drifting down the river, and he picked me up, and hunted a week for my owners, and never learned a thing about me? If he didn't tell you, that's the way it was. He took me to his cabin, and I've lived with him ever since, until we love each other just as much as though he was really my father."

"Why, you have quite a romantic history," said Mackintosh, skillfully concealing his curiosity from the youth. "Do you recollect that trip down the river—at such an early age?"

"Sometimes I think I can, but I ain't sure. I was very young then, and dressed in baby-clothes."

"What became of those clothes?"

"All lost, I suppose, long ago, as I've never seen them."

"They ought to have been kept, as they might have afforded some clue to your identity in after years."

"Neither Nick nor I care about learning any thing more about me."

"Do you have any recollection of any thing that happened before Nick found you? You know that persons can sometimes remember things far back in their childhood."

The boy was silent a moment before answering.

"Sometimes I remember a little—only a little."

"Let me ask you to describe your remembrances."

"It's hard to do; they come to me in dreams sometimes. Then, when I hear men singing away off, it reminds me of something I have heard very much like it, away back, when I was very small; and then, sometimes when I am stretched out on my back in the woods, looking up through the trees at the clouds, I can remember that I once have seen tall houses, standing close together, and a great many people walking about them."

"That shows you have once been in a city," interrupted the Scotchman.

"There be some pictures of such places in my books, and I know I've seen them somewhere."

"Can you remember any figures or faces?"

"I can remember a woman's face that used to bend over me."

"How did it look?"

"Oh! so beautiful! like an angel's."

"You can't describe it?"

"No one could—sometimes I think it must have been the *Phantom Princess*."

"The *Phantom Princess*!" repeated Mackintosh, in amazement. "What do you mean by that?"

"Haven't you heard of her? But here comes Nick; he'll tell you all about her, for he knows her."

The Scotchman started, and hastily said, in an undertone:

"Oblige me by saying nothing to Nick about the questions I have asked you, and leave me to find out for myself all about the *Phantom Princess*."

Ned looked somewhat surprised at this request, but he nodded, as he rose to his feet, to signify that the request should be respected.

Nick Whiffles seemed entirely unsuspicious of the interview, and came up in his usual cheery humor.

"Me and Calamity have made a sarciut," said he, "and we can't find any sign of a red-skin near. I'm glad your feed is ready, for I'm as hungry as my grandfather was in England, when he chawed up the Prince of Wales, and chased his father into his palace. The Whiffles family was always noted for their eatin' perclivities; my grandmother used to amuse herself by settin' on the scales and eatin' b'iled chickens till their heads was so chopped off would outbalance her, and then she throwed away the bones, so that they didn't count."

"You are no great eater yourself, Nick."

"Oh! mighty, no!" sighed the trapper; "I was such a small eater that I was considered a disgrace to the family, and was turned out on that account. My grandfather fit in the Revolutionary War, and when he retired on a pension, he got five hundred a year, which he laid out one month in Bologna sausages and salt mackerel, and the rest he had to live on; he pined away and died, afore he could get his pension increased."

The supper being ready, the trappers gathered in several groups, and sitting down tailor-fashion, fell to with the vim and vigor of men who were in the enjoyment of perfect health and digestion.

Nick Whiffles, Ned and Mackintosh ate in a group by themselves, while all were so occupied with their employment that scarcely a word was exchanged except in the way of request for food.

It was a singular scene. The somber forests in the background, the broad, smoothly-flowing river throwing back the yellow light of the immense, roaring camp-fire, the two large canoes resting against the bank, and the figures of the men engaged in eating.

The warm light of blazing fagots was scarcely needed, as the full moon was now sailing above in an unclouded sky, and the view up and down Elk river was quite extended.

A full half-hour was occupied in the supper, at the termination of which the pipes were produced. With scarcely an exception, the mouths of the trappers began issuing such volumes of smoke as to make it seem that the entire party were wrapped in a misty cloud.

Mackintosh produced a case of cigars, inviting Nick to join him, but the hunter declined.

"It ain't often I smoke, but when I do, I don't care about chawing terbacker at the same time."

"And I never smoked or chewed at all,"

added Ned, whereupon the Scotchman replaced his case, with a word of commendation for the lad.

With the taking of their pipes by the trappers, their tongues seemed to be loosened, and a perfect Babel of talk and chatter raged for a time. There was a fine flow of animal spirits upon the part of all, and many a jest and joke enlivened the intercourse around the camp-fire.

These were hardy men, toughened by the terrible winters of the North-west, by the Saskatchewan and Mackenzie. They had tramped on snow-shoes along the coasts of Ungava and James' bay, and over rivers where a dozen feet of solid ice intervened between them and the crystal waters beneath.

This was a sort of holiday to them. The unusually severe winter had ended, and the spring had fairly set in. The ice had left the streams, and the deep blue of the sky indicated the approach of mild weather. There was a crisp coldness of the air, especially in the morning and evening, which made the warmth of camp-fire and blanket very agreeable.

But the weather was just the thing for active exertion and exercise, and it would not have been changed by any member of the party, had he been given the power to do so.

During the cold months that had just ended, the agents of the great fur companies of the North-west had been busy catching the numerous fur-bearing animals of that territory. With the opening of spring, these were being gathered in, while others were making a tour among the Indians further south, to purchase all that could be procured of them.

An hour's rest, and the signal was given to start again.

Only a few minutes were required for every thing to be placed in the canoes, when they shoved out into the stream. As before, the canoe of Mackintosh took the lead, Nick Whiffles sitting in the front, the Scotchman next, while Ned and Calamity took positions in the rear of them.

The long, sweeping paddles were dipped deep in the water, and the boats glided forward with that easy, swift motion which is seen when a vessel is under the control of skilled oarsmen.

The round, full moon, shining in an unclouded sky, was directly overhead, so that the somber forests threw only a narrow strip of shadow along the shore.

The men did not sing, as was their usual custom when sweeping along in this manner, but their pull was as steady and uniform as though they were keeping time with the motion of some "director" elevated above their heads.

The consciousness that they were in a territory with an air of hostility about it, was the cause of this. When there was no certainty but what the crack of a hostile rifle might be heard at any moment, there was no disposition on the part of the men to make their location known to any lurking foe.

All seemed impressed with the solemnity of the scene, and Nick Whiffles and Mackintosh conversed only at intervals, and then in tones so low that no one else comprehended the words uttered. Even Ned, with his arm thrown affectionately over Calamity, appeared lost in meditation. Perhaps the strange questioning of the Scotchman had again called up those shadowy imaginings of which he had spoken; perhaps his mind was running back to that vague period that preceded his falling into his hands; and he saw once more the tall houses, and the beautiful face bending over him, as he saw them in dreams and reveries, when alone upon his couch, or in the vast wilderness that had so long been his home.

Several miles were passed in this manner, and the surface of the Elk river was as smooth as a mirror, except where the swift-cutting canoes and the long, sweeping paddles rippled the water.

Suddenly Nick Whiffles felt some one grasp his arm, and turning, he encountered the pale face of Mackintosh, who, pointing ahead and down-stream, said, in an agitated whisper:

"Look yonder! What is that?"

Looking in the direction indicated, Nick saw what, without any effort of the imagination, might be termed a "spirit canoe."

Several hundred yards ahead was a small Indian canoe, in which was seated the figure of a woman, apparently motionless. The boat and its occupant were both of a snowy-white color, and seemed to have risen from the bed of the river.

The crews of the two large boats had discerned it at the same moment, and, by one impulse, all stopped rowing, while they gazed in breathless amazement upon the scene.

What could it mean? Was it a warning from the spirit world? Was it a human being?

Had one or even two of these trappers, without any other companions, seen this vision, they would have fled in superstitious terror, as if from the presence of the Evil One himself; but with a score of hardy, brave men, they felt too much courage to flee in fear, although every member of the party was impressed with a strange, chilling sensation at the singular sight.

The fact that every living member of the company saw it distinctly and unmistakably prevented any thing like ridicule or jesting.

"Have you ever seen it before?" asked Mackintosh.

"Yes," replied Nick, gazing steadfastly at it.

"What is it?"

"The *Phantom Princess*!"

"What's that? I never heard of it until to-night."

"You know what the critter is, then, as well as I do."

"Have you ever spoken to it?"

"Yes—but it never answered; I've seed it, but I never could get any nearer than we are now."

"There is a mystery about it, certainly," added Mackintosh, as if speaking to himself, and then turning about so as to face his men, he spoke, in a cheery voice:

"Fall to, boys; if you can overtake that creature, I'll divide fifty pounds between you, when we get back to the fort."

The courageous words of their leader acted like magnetism upon the trappers; their paddles were dipped by one impulse, and the two heavy canoes sped forward as if rowed by the great crew of the Tyne.

Mackintosh leaned forward and peered at the white canoe and its ghostly occupant.

"Do you think we can catch her?" he asked, in a whisper, to Nick.

"No," was the reply; "there ain't a human livin' that can do it."

"We can try it, at any rate."

"S'pose you do; if you go to put your arms about her, she'd go up in the air, and that would be the last of her."

"I am not as superstitious as you, Nick; I think she is real life and blood, and we are going to unravel a curious mystery."

At the end of ten minutes, it was plain that the "Phantom Princess" was as far away as when first discovered. Mackintosh spoke sharply to his men, and they bent every energy to the work; the water foamed at the prows, and the woods glided rapidly back, like the figures in a panorama. The trappers were toiling as they had never toiled before. What boat could keep pace with them?

"We must overhaul her, Nick," he added, peering forward again; "we're fire gaining; I am sure of it. What?"

"What did I tell you?"

"The white canoe and the Phantom Princess had vanished!"

(To be continued.)

ORPHAN NELL.

The Orange-Girl:

OR,
THE LOST HEIR OF THE LIVINGSTONES.

A ROMANCE OF CITY LIFE.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER XI.

A MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

As the dead minister had no relatives or friends near at hand, excepting the gambling crew of "English Bob," Jones the landlord and myself attended to the burial.

The evening after the funeral, Joe and I sat in our room deliberating. I had explained to Joe my reasons for possessing myself of the information pertaining to the child of Salome Percy, and also told him of the enemy existing between young Livingstone, the son of Anson, and myself.

"You see," I said, "that this girl, Salome, who was born at Little Falls, in the year 1844, and is therefore now about twenty-five

"Just so, pard," he replied, "now for operations. We've got fifteen hundred dollars to commence on, and that air money you won last night—'an' I've got a 'claim' up here on Gopher creek that's worth high onto five thousand, 'an' of the dirt is 'panning' out well, 'an' the 'vein' continues, I might get eight thousand for it. You see I own one-sixth of the original 'strike' hyer. Wal, now, my idee is this: we'll go right to work to one's onto that air claim, 'an' as soon as we can realize 'bout twenty thousand we'll go east 'an' put Mister Livingstone through. How's that, pard?"

"Square!" I replied, using the mining expression.

"Honest Injun!" returned Joe, with a hearty clasp of the hand.

It was now getting late. I looked at my watch; it was a little past eleven. Joe announced his intention of "turning in," and immediately proceeded to do so. I sat down to write to Nellie, at Buffalo. I had written her a few lines from Denver City, but, as I was uncertain then as to where I should go, I directed her not to answer but wait until she should hear from me again. Now that I was certain of remaining in "Dead Man's Gulch," I was desirous of hearing from her; so I wrote quite at length. I told her that my prospects were good and I hoped to return East within a year at the most; and I finally finished with an assurance that I thought of her more and more every day, and that I did not know how well I liked her until fate had separated us.

I knew very well that her keen woman's eye would discern more than the written page expressed. Leave a woman alone for finding out when a man loves her! A subtle instinct in their natures always detects the truth. A careless word, spoken perhaps without thought—a flash of the tell-tale eye, unheeded by all except the one—a smile that lights up the face at the approach of the loved object—all these trifles, light in themselves, yet are proofs "strong as holy writ" to the girlish heart that the love she seeks for is given.

I did not fear but that Nellie would guess my meaning.

My letter finished, I sealed it up and prepared to retire. First I turned the key in the lock of the door. There was need of precaution, for we were in a rough country, and of course it was known all over town that we had won considerable money the night before, and as there was no place to deposit said money, why of course we must carry it on our persons. Many a man has been murdered in the mining region for a few ounces of gold-dust. Protection in the Far West lies in revolvers and bowie-knives, and not in the strong hand of the law.

Our money I carried in a belt around my waist, and we slept with our revolvers under our pillows. Just before blowing out the candle I looked out of the window. The night was very dark, and the street was quite silent—a silence, however, broken now and then by the drunken whoop and halloo of some fellow staggering to his shanty.

Out went the candle and I went into bed. I lay quiet, perhaps half an hour, but no sleep came. In vain I closed my eyes; slumber would not seal them. Something—what it was, I could not tell—impressed me with a feeling of uneasiness. In the stillness of the night, the ticking of the watch under my pillow seemed to reverberate through the room as loud as one of the old-fashioned German clocks. In vain I turned from side to side. I could not sleep. Then a sensation of coming danger began to make itself felt in my mind. What was it that gave me this uneasy feeling? I answered, because I could not go to sleep and my watch ticked loudly. Not very strong grounds for apprehension, surely!

Then my thoughts wandered to Nellie, the strange girl who held my heart tangled up in the meshes of her sunny hair. Would she ever be mine? Oh! that it might be! and, as her face with the steel-blue eyes, the fair pearly skin, and the strange-hued hair of gold—rose before me in the darkness, the rosy lips, honey-sweet in their full ripeness, smiled upon me; the eyes, now beaming softly, melting with love, and with the strange, witching, thrilling glance that holy passion alone can give, looked full upon me; the lips unclosed; the warm breath, sense-entrancing in its purity and sweetness, came softly against my fevered cheek and cooled its fire, as the sea-breeze from old ocean, in the summer time, breathes cooling balm over the heated earth; a single sentence came from the lips and hovered on the air: "I love you!" so low, so soft, yet so sweet, a lover's ear could catch the meaning of that sound. I was happy, for I was in the dreamland of love—that bright clime, which only the fiery heart can know. The face came nearer and nearer; a pair of arms so round, so plump in their pinkish-whiteness, that even Helen, of Troy, the Grecian beauty herself, might have envied, were placed around my neck; the lips came close to mine; a moment I pressed them in their dewy fullness, drank the rich draught of love that lay imprisoned beyond their scarlet surface, and—

"Creak!"

With a start and a shiver that seemed to chill the blood leaping in my veins, I awoke from my dream of love.

"Creak!"

Again the strange noise came from the entry-way. It sounded as if a board had yielded a little under a footstep and then resumed its place again. In the night, one hears even the smallest sounds. It was certain that some one was prowling about in the entry. What could he be doing there? It was evidently not a belated lodger seeking his room, for he would have walked boldly, and not with this stealthy caution. Again I heard a sound—this time it was a footfall; there was no mistake. Some one was outside the door, and his purpose was mischief. Quietly, I put my hand under the pillow and pulled out my revolver. I did not cock it, for I knew the click of the hammer would alarm the villain. That I did not wish to do, for I was determined to teach the thief a lesson.

Then came a sudden "click" as though some one was tampering with the key in the lock. Joe was sleeping soundly. I did not attempt to awaken him as I knew I should alarm the intruder if I did.

Another "click" and the key turned in the lock and the bolt shot back, at the same instant. Covered by the noise—as a military man might say—I cocked my revolver. I then realized that I had, in all probability, to deal with a gang of practiced burglars.

The door began to open slowly; and, noiselessly, I leveled the revolver in the direction of the door. The room was so dark I could not see a foot before me. I could only judge by the sound when the door was fully open.

"Easy, Tim!" came in a hoarse whisper, from the doorway. They were in the room then. The time for action was at hand. My finger was on the trigger; I was ready for them. Then I became conscious that the ruffians, with slow and stealthy steps, were approaching the bed. I judged from this that they were well acquainted with the room.

Now, I thought, the time had come to play my part in this mysterious midnight drama, so, with a sudden spring, I leaped to the floor and pulled the trigger of my "Colt." Crack went the hammer down on the cap, but no report followed. The revolver for once had missed fire. Quick as thought I jumped to the right, and at the same moment re-cocked my pistol. The movement saved my life, for I received a terrible blow upon my shoulder that, otherwise, would have fallen upon my head—the blow given with some, to me, unknown weapon, for it was not a club, but seemed more like a slung-shot, but with a peculiar soft feeling, which did not, however, deaden its force; it almost paralyzed my left shoulder and knocked me to the floor. I pulled the trigger again; this time the weapon did not miss fire. The flash of the discharge illuminated the room for a second and revealed a very melodramatic picture. In and by the doorway stood "English Bob" and three stalwart ruffians, while Joe sat up in the bed, revolver in hand, with a sleepy and astonished air. I caught a glimpse of the weapon in "Bob's" hand that had knocked me down. I recognized it in an instant, for I had often read of it. It was a "sand-bag"—that is, a small bag shaped like the covering of a large sausage and filled with sand. A more dangerous weapon man never took in his hand, for a blow from it dealt on the head will generally kill outright and scarcely leave a mark. Now I knew—for it flashed upon my mind in an instant—how Pete Brown, the miner, had been killed; he had met his death by this weapon in the hands of "English Bob" or some of his men; he had been murdered for his gold-dust.

I felt it was a struggle for life or death. Scarcely had the light from the flash of the powder of my pistol died away, ere, crack! crack! went Joe's revolver, and one fired by some one of the attacking party. A howl of pain from one of the ruffians announced that Joe's shot had told. Luckily, as yet, neither Joe nor I had been touched. A noise outside in the entry and on the stairs told that the house had been alarmed by the shots. The ruffians, frightened by the noise, made a rush for the entry.

"Let's git, boys! We're in a trap!" growled Bob, in his hoarse voice.

"Go for 'em Jim!" yelled Joe, dashing off the bed and into the entry, blazing away at the retreating ruffians with his revolver. I followed him. The entry was lighted dimly by candles in the hands of the ruffians. The door of the hotel, which had flooded into the passage in very scanty costume, nearly all carrying a revolver or bowie-knife in their hands.

Three or four, with Jones the landlord at their head, were coming up the stairs. Jones took in the situation in a moment.

"Throw down your weapons and surrender, Bob, or I'll put a bullet through you!" yelled Jones, holding his candle in one hand and flourishing a revolver in the other.

"The blazes yer will!" shouted "English Bob," who was indeed in a dangerous position, for the landlord and his party blocked up the stairway, while Joe and I and some other boarders were advancing behind; so that the ruffians were penned in between two fires.

"Throw down your weapons!" again repeated the landlord.

"Go to —" and Bob consigned the landlord to an extremely hot region. During this short parley all parties had remained motionless.

"You be damned! If you don't drop that shooting-iron inside of a minute, I'll drill a hole right through yer!" exclaimed Jones, mad as a hornet.

"You will — you!" growled Bob. "I'll have the first fire!" and, quick as lightning, he leveled at Jones and fired. The landlord also fired, but in his haste the ball went high over the ruffian's head. Not so, however, with the ball from the "cracksman's" pistol, for that struck Jones in the shoulder, and, for a moment, staggered him. The ruffians took advantage of the confusion occasioned by Jones' wound, among the defenders of the stair-case, and dashed upon them. Terrified, the men on the stairway fired a hasty shot or two, that damaged the walls only, and then fled. Bob and his crew took advantage of this, and, rushing down the stairs, escaped into the street, followed by shots from Joe and myself, but in the uncertain light, I think they escaped without harm.

Jones had fallen at the head of the stairs, and fainted. I knew it was useless to pursue the ruffians in the darkness, and said as much to Joe, who was boiling with rage. One of the balls fired by the brave defenders of the stairway at the scoundrels had missed them and taken off the top of Joe's ear. It was only a slight wound, but it enraged Joe fearfully. In fact, it was a wonder that, in the melee, we had not been shot by mistake.

"The cussed fools!" growled Joe; "they couldn't hit a house 'less they were near enough to spit at it. Ef I could find the chap I'd tan him, blast me if I wouldn't! the long-legged, no-souled gopher!"

We raised Jones up, carried him into a room and put him upon a bed. His wound was quite serious.

The row had aroused all the town around the hotel, and crowds of the neighbors came flocking in. Jones, our landlord, was very popular, and loud and deep were the curses hurled against the villains.

"We ought to have a vigilance committee hyer to clean out these suckers!" cried the tall miner, that I have spoken of before, and who went for the doctor for poor Brown.

His suggestion met with general favor.

"A vigilance committee! That's bully!" shouted a stalwart fellow, flourishing a large bowie-knife, and a chorus of voices took up the cry.

"Bully for a vigilance committee!" I foresaw that there was going to be a stormy time, and determined to give what little aid I could to "wiping out" the gang of desperadoes.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VIGILANTES.

"HYER's the doctor!" shouted a stentorian voice; and the bustling little man entered.

"How do, gents?" he ejaculated, shortly. "Where's Mr. Jones?"

"HYER I am, doctor," said Jones, himself, from the bed, for he by this time had recovered from his faint.

"Been in a little difficulty, eh?" asked the doctor, expertly examining the wounds, first stripping off the shirt.

"Leetle? Blazes! I reckon it would have bin a heap of a fight, ef they hadn't got away with me so quick!" growled Jones. "Am I hurt bad, doctor?"

"Oh, no! the bullet's gone clean through the shoulder. Take care you don't catch cold in it; you'll be all right in a few days," was the consoling response of the doctor.

"Ef I could only git out to flax them fellows, I wouldn't care a cuss!" cried Jones, emphatically. "See here, Bill Simmons, you're a friend of mine, you air; now ef you don't git up a vigilance committee, I'll say you're a durned skunk." This was addressed to the stalwart miner, who had done such tall fighting in the gambling saloon.

"I'm your man, hide an' h'ar!" cried Bill. "Say, boys, who'll go with me?" he said, addressing those present.

A general yell of "me! me!" from the entire crowd answered his question.

"Hold on, boys, a moment!" the little doctor sung out, getting on a chair. He had evidently great weight with the miners, as they all paused at his request, and prepared to listen to what he had to say.

"Remember, gents," said the doctor, "that I am mayor of this city—chosen by your votes, and that it is my duty to see that the laws are carried out. Remember that a vigilance committee is something not recognized by the law; consequently, to form a vigilance committee is to engage in an unlawful act, and it is my duty to warn you against it."

A growl of disapprobation greeted these remarks. I knew the temper of the miners well, and I knew that, if the worthy mayor attempted to stem the current of popular vengeance, he would get himself into trouble; but, the little doctor was a shrewd politician, and knew the people he had to deal with well.

"Patience, gents," he said, with a dignified wave of the hand. "Hear me out, then, speak. As I have said, this vigilance committee is an unlawful proceeding, but what are the reasons that give rise to it? I will tell you, fellow-citizens! A gang of desperadoes have banded themselves together, right in the midst of our glorious city, which is the envy of the surrounding country; they have, at the dead of night, when all nature is wrapped in tranquil slumber, except the bull-frog and the owl, they have come right into our principal hotel and shot our esteemed friend, Bill Jones, than whom a better citizen does not exist, and who keeps as good lick as any man in the diggings, and not only that; last night they double-banked your mayor, who now addresses you, and won a hundred dollars from him at poker! These are the reasons why you form a vigilance committee. As a mayor, it is my duty to warn you against any overt act, but, as a man—a fellow-citizen—I sympathize with ye, and I suspend myself from the mayorship, until the little difficulty is concluded, so that I may go in with you, without breaking my oath of office, tooth and nail!"

A tremendous shout testified the crowd's appreciation of this telling stump speech.

"And now, gents," continued the doctor—or, we'll give him his official title, and call him mayor—"I move that we adjourn to the public square, kindle a bonfire, assemble every honest man in town who is willing to pull a trigger against these blackguards, choose a leader, and move upon the enemy's works at once."

Another shout showed the crowd's approval of the movement.

"And now, gents, I invite the crowd to licker down stairs!"

The crowd accepted the mayor's invitation with alacrity, and the "licker" duly disposed of, proceeded at once to the public square.

It was now getting on to four o'clock. A huge bonfire was kindled in the center of the square; runners were dispatched in different directions to summon the fighting-men, and those assembled on the ground gathered in little knots to talk over the approaching contest.

The miners were very bitter against "English Bob" and his gang; scarcely one of them but had some story to tell—how a miner had been fleeced out of his gold-dust through the agency of this gambling crew, and perhaps beaten half to death afterward. No wonder the feeling was strong against them.

As the morning was quite chilly, Joe and I kept close to the fire. I noticed that the big miner, whom Jones had addressed as Bill Simmons, was circulating around from one group to another, stopping awhile to talk with each little knot. At last he lounged up to where Joe and I stood.

"How are yer, stranger?" he said, nodding familiarly to me. "You raked that pile mighty well, 'other night, down at 'Bob's' saloon; cuss me, ef you didn't go for it like lightning. That ain't many men that git away with them as well as you did. You did it bully!"

I thanked him for his compliment, and modestly told him that I did the best I could.

"I seed you arterwards in the skirmish, too. Fur a leetle feller you hit like chaff-lin' lightning. What might your name be?"

"Robert James," I answered.

"From the East, I s'pose?" he continued.

"Yes, from New York city."

"Wal, now! Do you know, I reckoned that you were from New York, 'cos they raise some lively boys there. I'm from 'Egypt,' 'way down in old Illinois, nigh the Ohio. I don't want to 'pear curious, stranger, but what might 'ar bin your business out in York?"

"I am a detective," I answered.

"Show 'em!" he cried, in astonishment; "one of the cusses that hunts down rascals? Wal, now, you've got right into business, ain't yer?"

"It looks like it," I answered.

"Do you know, we shouldn't have cleaned 'em out so the other night, ef a lot of 'Bob's' rascals hadn't bin up-country. I s'pect we'll have a lively time 'fore long, 'cos I've bin talking with the boys, 'an' they all agree that these cusses have got to leave town or fight. Ef they do show fight, 'an' we take any one on 'em alive, Judge Lynch will have work ahead for him," and with this sage reflection, Mr. Bill Simmons strolled away.

Six o'clock found about two hundred men in the square—the entire fighting force that cared to take part in the melee. The mayor—we beg his pardon, we mean the ex-mayor, as he had self-suspended himself until the

end of this difficulty—made a short speech, explained the object of the "free American citizens," as he termed us, and closed by advising the crowd to choose a leader, he himself declining the honor.

For a few moments, the crowd was busy, evidently discussing whom to select. At last a heavy-bearded fellow in a red shirt, and with a stentorian voice, proposed Bill Simmons. Simmons was apparently a popular man, for the crowd instantly took up the name, and shouted "Simmons!" with all the power of their lungs. In obedience to the popular cry, Simmons mounted an empty flour-barrel, and from its top delivered a short and pithy speech.

"Boys, I'm much obliged to yers, but I ain't the man for yer money. I kin fight, but I can't lead; I ain't got the top-piece fur it, but I know a man that kin lead yer, 'an' he's a 'painter,' claws 'an' all. I nominate Robert James, the New York detective!"

Joe gave a yell of delight.

"I second that air nomination!" he cried. All eyes were now turned upon me.

This is Mr. James, the celebrated detective," cried the mayor, introducing me. He was evidently bound to side with the crowd, though how he knew that I was celebrated was, and is, a mystery to me.

Joe and a sturdy fellow in a red shirt seized me by main force and carried me to the flour-barrel. A yell of delight greeted my appearance on the "stump."

"That's the crowd that cleaned out 'Bob's' saloon 'other night!" I could hear passed round among the crowd. There was no backing out; they were resolved to make me a hero in spite of myself. Therefore I accepted the situation. After a short speech, expressing my thanks for the high honor they had conferred upon me, I suggested that a council be appointed to act with me, and advise upon important questions. The idea took with the crowd, and a council of five was instantly appointed, consisting of my friend, Joe Sparks, Doctor Smith, the mayor, Bill Simmons, and a couple of miners known respectively as Wharton and Blake.

After the council was selected, they and I returned to Jones' hotel to deliberate.

Scarcely had we arrived there ere a miner rushed in, full of intelligence.

"What is it, spit it out?" cried Simmons.

"'Bout all the gamblers 'an' thieves in the lower town have gone into 'Bob's' saloon, 'an' they swear they'll fight till every durned sucker of 'em goes under afore they'll give in," said the miner, breathlessly.

"How many are there of them?" I asked.

"Nigh onto thirty," I guess; some have put fur the open country."

Just then another excited miner rushed in.

"Look ahere, Bill, all the roughs up-town have gone into the Emerald saloon—Pat Rooney's place, 'an' they're putting shutters up to the windows, 'an' citin' all ready fur a fight; 'an' they say that ain't men 'nough in this air town to git 'em out!" and the courier stopped, blowing like a porpoise.

"Wal, Mr. Chief, what's the ticket?" asked Bill.

"We'll divide our force; you, with Wharton and Blake, go to the upper town, and lay close siege to the saloon; make them a fair offer, that if they will leave town you will not molest them; if they refuse, don't come to any open fight, but just keep outside the range of their fire, till we settle these fellows down here; then we'll come up and attend to them."

"Be hard work to keep the boys in; they're spooling fur a fight," said Bill.

"I wish to avoid bloodshed, if possible," I replied.

"You're right, by hookey, squar," every time!" Bill replied, and then departed. He went to the square, drew off his men and took up his line of march.

With my command, accompanied by Doctor Smith and Joe, as assistants, I filed down the street toward the saloon kept by "English Bob."

I halted my column at a safe distance, and then, with a handkerchief on a ramrod as a flag of truce, I stepped boldly forward to hold a parley with the enemy.

The shanty stood all alone on one side of the road. As I have before said, it was at the extreme end of the town, there being only a couple of small shanties beyond it.

I marked the situation well as I advanced. If they showed fight, by means of the surrounding shanties I could bring my men up within easy revolver range, without exposing them much.

The saloon had all the shutters up, and I could see here and there, in the walls, marks of freshly-cut loop-holes. They intended to resist, then, thinking, perhaps, that this attack was only a little outburst of passion, which would soon subside. It was a vain hope, for I never saw people more determined than the men who had chosen me as their leader.

When I got within a hundred paces of the saloon, now turned into a fortress, a hoarse voice cried "Halt!" and the shining barrel of a rifle protruded from one of the loop-holes. I obeyed the gentle hint and halted.

"What the blazes do you want?" was the question that came from the loop-hole.

"We want the person of 'English Bob,' who assaulted Bill Jones, the hotel-keeper, this morning. If you give him up, all the rest can go, provided they leave town at once." Such was the ultimatum I delivered.

"You kin go to—" (a very hot place, not to be mentioned to ears polite) "durn ye. Ef we kin all go, 'an' ye will give a day to fix in, we'll git up an' dust."

"Not a day!" responded I, tersely.

"Then you kin come an' git us, 'an' be durned to yone!" was the answer of the ruffian, who was none other than the redoubtable "English Bob" in person.

I returned to my force and held a council of war. Joe was for making a dash upon the enemy at once; the mayor and I did not agree with him. We might possibly succeed but we should lose men in the attack, for they could pick us off from their stronghold as we advanced like so many rabbits.

"No! no! Joe," I said, "that plan will never do. I have a scheme that will fix them; but, first, I want the house surrounded, yet don't want a man to expose himself in doing it. By taking advantage of the shanties, we can easily get within revolver range, and then not a man of them can escape."

"I see!" said the mayor; "you mean to starve them out!"

"Blazes!" cried Joe; "the moment night comes they'll make a dash an' git away, every durned cuss on 'em."

"Yes, if we remain inactive till then; but, Joe, I intend to have that shanty within two hours, and every ruffian in it, without losing or exposing any man of my force."

Joe looked at me, astonished, as also did the mayor.

"He'll do it!" cried Joe. "Ef any man kin, he kin!"

I sent a man up to Jones' hotel for a gallon of whisky, some cotton, and a few articles that I had noticed hanging in his bar-room, and which had suggested the plan I had formed for capturing the ruffians.

Then we commenced to surround the shanty. Owing to the excellent cover afforded by the neighboring houses, we succeeded in completely encircling the saloon, without giving them a single chance to fire at a man of our party.

Hardly was this movement accomplished when my messenger returned with the things I had sent him for.

As yet, we had not fired a shot. From my position behind a low shanty—by the way, it was astonishing to see how quick the inhabitants of the neighboring shanties got out of them when they saw that a fight was approaching—I had a good view of the rear of the saloon, which was loop-holed also. In fact, the shanty was in a fine state for defense, but not against the weapon I was about to use.

Now that my materials—a gallon of whisky, a large roll of raw cotton, an Indian bow and a couple of dozen arrows, the arrows tapering to the feather and heavy at the end, with a small spike—had arrived, I gave the signal, and my men opened a scattering fire upon the beleaguered house. This was to distract attention.

Then I took the arrows, tied some of the cotton upon the ends, dipped the cotton in the whisky, set fire to it, and then discharged the arrows from behind the low shanty that sheltered me into the roof of Bob's "shebang," which was in full view. The consequence was, the burning arrows set fire to the roof of the shanty, and, inside of twenty minutes, the whole building was in a blaze.

Fire was a foe the ruffians could not fight. At last, almost suffocated by the smoke, they rushed from the building and made a mad attempt to break through our line. A deadly fire received them. Bob and some six of the advance were shot dead at the first discharge; the rest, terrified at the fate of their comrades, threw down their arms and begged for mercy, which was granted them on their swearing to leave town at once.

As I stood, gazing on the burning shanty, the mayor—Doctor Smith—who had been examining Bob's body, came to me and said, quietly:

"I've got a secret to tell you!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 4.)

THE HUNTER-AUTHOR!
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TO OUR READERS!

Commencing with Number 46, (this week's issue), the price of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will be

INCREASED ONE CENT PER COPY.

With which number, and hereafter, the SATURDAY JOURNAL will assume enhanced features of beauty of paper, type, illustration, etc.

The Literary Attractions which are to follow, will far eclipse the triumphs of the late issues of this

FAVORITE OF THE WEEKLIES.

Readers will welcome this change, since it enables us, by the use of new and more compact type, on our editorial and inside pages, to furnish our readers with an equivalent of five columns more reading matter, thus throwing additional beauty, interest and value into this already

FEELLESS PAPER OF THE PERIOD.

Contributors and Correspondents.

MS. by Helen Wentworth, is so crude that we must express surprise at the author's expectation of seeing it in print. Whenever accomplished writers and experienced caterers for the press find it not an easy matter to dispose of their works, how can persons wholly unqualified for writing expect consideration. No stamps. MS. not preserved.—Can make no use of essay by Hope, AN AIM IN LIFE. It is not particularly original, nor very well expressed. It is a cowardly way to evidently written for the *Bungtown Annalist*. It would kill any other paper. Send it to Nabby for his clerical giggle. Perhaps he can take an idea out of it. We can not. Will use SOAR on the NEWS; THE LAWYER'S PLOT; ISOLINE; ALL FOR A VALENTINE.—THE ARBON'S CHILD we will hold for further consideration.—The poem, SOUL OF MARY, is excellent. Will find place for it.—Can not use border sketch, CHAUNCEY UP. No stamps.—Will try and find place for poem, HASTINGS.—Can make no use of sketches, LOVING AND LOVED, and FETTERED BY BUNGLES. MS. returned.—Not wanted, TWICE A BRIDE; PRESIDENT'S SPOON; PRETTY MARY MURDER; A ROBBER BOY; THE BUNGALOW BELLE. Of the latter let us say, no writer has any right to introduce living persons into a story to do them discredit. It is at best a cowardly way to wreak revenge for assumed wrongs.—A GALLANT GALLANT may do for some Lady's Book. It is rather "sentimental" for readers who want something besides rose leaves for their mental provender. The author will do better when a little true life experience teaches her that love is something more than worship of a musketeer.—We return A NIGHT WITH A PANTHER. Our Camp Fire Yarns series is provided for far ahead.

PARAGON says he has lately read one of the highly extolled romances in a leading weekly, and under terrible mass of stuff, evidently by a foreign author, and asks the question: "Is it true that some papers rehash foreign stories and give them an original name?" It is true, Mr. P. It is a favorite mode of making capital upon small investments, and of "padding" pages with cheap matter. Such stuff finds no place in these columns.

GAYNOTT wants to translate for us a fine German story. His price is reasonable enough if he has to pay anything for board and clothes, but we can not use that kind of matter. It may do for some other "popular" paper, but not for us. What we want is original American stories with the true ring in them.

Geo. D. W. is informed that, judging from the specimen submitted, he is wholly unqualified for writing for the press—no person could be more so. The essay on EVENING, inclosed by F. N., of Philadelphia, gives no indication of any special talent. On the contrary it shows the writer to be but little skilled either in modes of thought and expression or in the rudiments of composition. Study—study if you would "see yourself in print."

"No—no—no!" to Mrs. R. B. C.'s proposition. We know no South no North, no East no West; but we do know our whole great and glorious country.

Foolscap Papers.

The Battle of Bunker Hill Monument.

THERE are many popular fallacies concerning the battle of Bunker Hill Monument.

In the first place, Bunker Hill is not a hollow in the State of Kentucky, as usually reported in history, but an eminent eminence in one of the hub-burbs of Boston; and if all "our grandfathers" who fought bravely there for the everlasting glory of proud nephews, had really been there, there would have been enough to eat all the British up, and then sit down and wait for dessert. My grandfather, who was there, gave me the only true history of the battle, and he had superior advantages of knowing, for when they began to shoot, he left the ranks and went up a handy tree to get a better sight, and his speed in getting up that tree has long been a matter of history.

Our grandfathers, under General Washington, occupied the crest of the hill, feeling themselves very much above the enemy as they looked down upon them. They had been hastily gathered there from the neighborhood; many had heard the news while plowing, and had jumped on their horses without unhitching the plows, and started even without blacking their boots, armed only with gun-hooks which they had snatch-

ed from over the mantel, or scabbards which had long rusted against the wall, single-barreled ramrods, destructive flints, powdered wigs and pockets full of rocks.

The British, under Stonewall Jackson, landed from their boats at the precise time announced in the small bills; each with a mitrailleuse under his arm, and his conscience heavily loaded; while the Alabama, and other British vessels in the harbor, began to pour whole bucketsful of destructive fire upon the rail-fence behind which sat our grandfathers in their arm-chairs, reading the late news from the siege of Paris.

Still our grandfathers were not in the least bit disconcerted, but quietly wiped their spectacles, and looked over the tops of their heads at the British coming up the hill in solid order, lock-stitch step, and held their hands over the muzzles of their guns, reserving their fire until they got within squirrel's distance, when a blaze of lead flashed along the whole brow of the hill, which caused the British to think they were terribly brow-beaten, and induced them to attempt the impossible maneuver of each man getting behind the other, whereby they soon found themselves at the foot of the hill, except those who had no notion or motion either to run or roll down.

History says that there they reformed, singing, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and "Johannes Brounche's Remains Resolving into Original Ground," but this my grandfather begs to contradict; however, they went up again, the officers all in the rear to prevent straggling, and as they approached again, the whole American line exploded the second time, when the native British modestly showed itself by each man trying to allow his neighbor to be in front, and in so doing they soon found themselves at the foot of the hill again, with a terrible loss of glory, and much to the interest of the Fourth of July.

In this attack my grandfather received thirteen shots in the tree which he was behind, and he was so filled with nervous patriotism that he shook all the acorns off that oak unconsciously.

Some fellow suggested to the British General that, owing to the great slaughter among his troops, it would be an act of humanity to put breastplates on their backs, which was done, and they started back the third time, rather too well acquainted with the road, but at this point our grandfathers discovered that they were out of codfish balls and wig-powder, so the best thing they could do to avoid an instant defeat (the fire of the enemy was coming strong, although they tried to put it out with Engine No. 29) was to send a man out to read a few destructive and distracting pages of Boston metaphysics, which was done, and the British immediately lost three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter men. It took their heads clean off; but, sad to say, the man who read it died, too, during the operation, and the British rallied, and began to tear the fence down which separated them from our grandfathers, chanting their fierce war-cry, "How are You off for Stamps To-Day?"

and pulling off our grandfathers' wigs indiscriminately, playing football with them in a manner that was very damaging to our national fowl and the cause of liberty in general. With their feelings aroused to indiscrimination and sanguinary ire by this indignity, our grandfathers turned at (Boston) bay, and began to crack the British over the heads with the reversed ends of their guns, in the way which is so thrillingly described in all patriotic orations. At this period my grandfather, burning with indignation, got down out of the tree and started to run to Boston to get a horse-pistol which he knew to be there, and kill all the British, he said, with great slaughter, when he got a shot which incapacitated him from serving on the bench as a judge for a long time, and he was ever afterward opposed to uncivil treatment of people when their backs were turned. After being in that tree and suffering for his country terribly nearly all day, to suffer more was bad in the extreme. Our grandfathers finally yielded to the superiority of arms, and pensively walked away, leaving Bunker Hill Monument in the hands of the British.

My grandfather denies that General McClellan operated in the harbor with the Stevens Battery, or that Alexander the Great led the Carthaginians to the support of the British; and regrets very much that the Government didn't send one of its Monitors there in time to take those British vessels under her arms and walk off with them, much to the consternation of the British crews.

The historical picture of the Battle of Bunker Hill Monument, my grandfather says, is in the main correct, but that the British soldier with his bayonet drawn to plunge it into somebody had a hole in his left stocking-heel, but as he had boots on, the artist couldn't represent it at the time. I can testify to the correctness of the picture myself, for I was on the spot only lately.

THE OLD WOOD HERO!

Nick Whiffles, whom Capt. Adams introduces in his captivating

Phantom Princess.

Is the type-man of the Forest—a revived Pathfinder, in fact, such as all border men and hunters have met in the American Wilds, and on the vast Prairies and Plains—the hero of

MANY A DARING DEED.

but, withal, as modest as a child and with tastes as simple. Mr. Adams, noted hunter and Indian-fighter as he is, evidently loves this character, and for that reason the reader will love it too, and will enjoy every line of the BEAUTIFUL AND IMPRESSIVE STORY OF THE HILLS AND WOODS!

MATCHMAKERS.

I wish that there was a prayer in the "Service Book" which ran thus: "From all matchmakers deliver us." I'd answer amen, amen and double amen to it, for a race like these should be exterminated. Slimy serpents are they, for they crawl into society, and often blast once happy and pleasurable homes. When I get married I think I've got sense enough to pick out a husband for myself. I can't believe in having another woman make love for me. That is a thing I feel fully competent to do myself, and if any woman does want to do it for me, she had better not let me know it, for I'll expose her vile machinations, and give her real name in the "SATURDAY JOURNAL," and then the whole world—at least the sensible part of it—will hear it.

Is it not degrading to our sex to have these matchmakers going about doing harm, as I have yet to learn of a marriage that is an extremely happy one which was brought about by one of these poke-the-

nose-into-every-one's-affairs. I sometimes imagine that they go upon this principle—they are unhappy themselves and want others to be equally miserable; or, it may be, they get a commission on every match they make—a fashionable way of speculating in human stock, but a poor trade, I take it, for the yoked people.

There is a certain boarding-house keeper in a certain city, who always in receiving applications for board for single parties (she takes no married people), remarks that her boarders always make good matches, and it does her old heart good to see young people happy. Perhaps they stay with her a year and then rush off into matrimony, and go housekeeping for themselves. Perhaps you think it must be a losing rather than a paying business, to lose these boarders. Not a bit of it! She's got her eyes open. When a plain-looking man or girl applies for board, her rooms are always full, but it is just the reverse with handsome individuals; rooms are always to let to them. She has a way of putting them in couples at the table, and slyly hints that Mr. W. has hopes of gaining the affections of Miss X. Well, she soon has a set of lovers at her meals, and, as a general thing, love taking away their appetites, they eat less, and Mrs. Landlady makes a saving in her victuals. Let her boarders go! What cares she? More will come, and solely for the purpose of getting married. This woman is a matchmaker from head to foot, and there are many a couple who curse the day they ever went to board with her.

I wish my foot was large enough to crush out the whole nation of matchmakers, or, as they might more properly be called, mischief-makers.

"Alas!" says Mrs. M., "matches were made in heaven and if we can be the means of furthering heaven's designs, why should you blame us, Eve?"

I reply: "I agree with you about matches being made in heaven, but fail all the more to see what you have to do about it."

I love the old style of marrying, where you could select and court for yourself, and then, if John wasn't all you thought him to be, you had no one to blame but yourself. Men never are matchmakers, and that's where they're right; why can't women do as well—mind their business? Oh I wouldn't want to think I loved Charlie because some one else told me to!

Come, meddling, mischievous matchmakers, leave us alone, and let love come from the heart, and in polite language, say mind your own business. Do not think me too harsh in what I have said, but, you don't catch me "playing second fiddle" to a matchmaker, not by any means. That day will never come to

A Strange Character is Mr. Albert W. Allen's new sensation, in his charming and exciting serial, *THE WHITE WITCH*, soon to commence in this paper. It is one of the author's best works, eclipsing even his truly superb "Heart of Fire." Watch for it!

TEACH IT TO THE CHILDREN.

CHILDREN should be taught to love all things in Nature. There is a natural germ of love for all things beautiful in the heart of every little child, and this may be cultivated to the everlasting benefit of the child, or crushed out to its everlasting detriment.

I never see a child who loves flowers and trees, and all the lovely things scattered about us, who never passes along a road without plucking any stray blossom blooming there; who notices and treasures the lowly ferns and mosses under its feet, but I think that that child will never be a very bad person. It carries its shield against vice in its love for God's beautiful.

I know a woman who, ignorantly of course, daily does an injury to her children in this respect. Every day she breaks one of the links of the golden chain of love between them and Nature—that precious chain that binds them to virtue and holds them back from vice. *Flowers*, she thinks, are pretty, but she can see no beauty in the wondrous lichens and mosses that at every step speak to the hearts of her children—they are homely trash, good only to make a litter on her clean floor. The instincts of her children lead them to treasure up these inmates of the wood, to put them in a saucer of water, and watch their wonderful unfolding day by day. But coming in with a basket of feathery ferns, lichens, mosses and comes—all the little things the forest holds out to innocent hearts—they are met with an impatient "What on earth are you going to do with that trash? Pretty stuff to play with, isn't it? I can not have you making a mess on the floor. Throw them away!"

And so, reluctantly, the treasures are thrown upon the chip-pile or into the fire, and the top, or doll, substituted as playthings. Day by day the children are growing away from their mother Nature, and *in growing away from her they grow away from God*. No one ever saw a person who loved the things in Nature walk very deep in the haunts of sin. To love Nature is to love God. Why drive the children away from Him?

How much better are they employed in roaming about the woods and fields, communing with them, than in lounging about town in saloons and bar-rooms! Verily, we think much better.

Parents would do well to cultivate, most assiduously, this love in the hearts of their children. In establishing it firmly, they are giving them a talisman that will be a protection against sin throughout their lives. What is a "litter" on the floor? Better have dirt there than in the hearts of your children.

LETTIE ARLEY INOKE.

Not a Necromancer!—But a woman with lustrous eyes and rosy lips, is Mr. Allen's new creation, *THE WHITE WITCH*, out of whose heart-life springs a crop of dragon's teeth which sprout into strange social forms. It is a story that gives a Drammond Light illumination of some hearts and lives which constitute elements in "our best society." Look out for it!

ADVICE TO SHOW-GOERS.

ALWAYS go one hour before the doors open and hammer on them heartily. This will let the showman know that you are in a hurry to get in, and of course he'll think it best to grant your request.

Be sure to get the ticket-seller to change your ten-dollar bill in payment for your ticket—it will make him think that you are either very rich, or that is all the money you are in possession of. Showmen always have more money than they know what to do with.

Don't fail to ask the ticket-taker what time the show commences, what time it is then, and how long it will be before it be-

gins. This will prove your vast conversational powers, and prove highly edifying to the taker of tickets.

If it's a possible thing, try to "dead-head" yourself in. Showmen are easily gulled. You can tell him you always pass free, and that you are the son of the mayor. Don't get wrathily if he does think you said mare. Showmen love dead-heads because they swell the receipts and help the show to pay its way.

When you get inside the hall, try every seat in the house until you are satisfied that you have got the best one. You can then look with withering scorn upon all late comers.

It is best to provide yourself with a bushel of peanuts, which, after eating the meat, you can throw the shells on the floor in such places where people can "tramp, tramp, tramp" over them. This will be excellent music, and save the showman from hiring an orchestra.

Whistling and stamping can not be too much indulged in, for they prove that you have strong lungs and solid boots, and that you are not afraid to use them.

When you see any new-comer enter, always hail them by their title, and say: "I'm glad you took my advice to come." This will impress the showman that you were instrumental in his having a good audience.

If the show be a stereopticon, and there is a white sheet stretched across the room, it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to have a bean-blower and see if you can not make a hole in it. You might get off a joke about the showman's getting up early in the morning so the show could take place. This will lead people to imagine that it is the showman's bed-clothes he is using for a magic lantern screen. It's a very harmless joke, by the way, and does not hurt any one's feelings.

When the lecturer appears, always do every thing to drown his voice. Nobody desires to hear what *he* has to say, and the audience had far rather hear *you* talk.

Cough as much as you possibly can, for there is nothing more pleasing than a good cough, and it will make the lecturer have longer pauses in his oration.

Contrive to bring a "yaller dorg" with you, and when the speaker gets well warmed up, tread on the canine's tail heavily enough to make him "yowl." It will cause the showman to wonder which is the greatest puppy—you or your "dorg."

If you are a sentimental fellow, take your girl with you, and when the auditorium is quite dark, slip your hand around her waist and let her head rest on your shoulder. This will cause a hearty laugh when the calcium light is thrown upon you, and will make the lecturer less desirous to be funny. Don't be too particular in regard to the pictures shown. If the exhibitor tells you the scene represents the battle of Yorktown, you mustn't hint that it resembles Noah and his family entering the ark. This will betray your ignorance of history. If he tells you the picture is of Moses in the Bulrushes, don't ask him if Moses was frightened when the bull rushed in, because he will have no time to stop to answer conundrums, and he won't have time to hunt up a Bible.

If you happen to see Abraham Lincoln represented in heaven, you mustn't wonder whether they wear paper collars there, just because he is so pictured. Remember every one has his own ideas of what heaven is.

Squalling babies having no charge made for their admission, it is best to take a few with you; it will show that your love for your offspring is such that you can not bear to have them out of your sight for a moment.

On leaving the hall it is best for you to say—loud enough for the showman to hear—"That's the poorest show I was ever at," it will tickle him exceedingly.

Go to your virtuous couch, if you've got one, and thank Providence you are not a showman.

SMITHERS, THE SHOWMAN.

"A BRILLIANT PROMISE AND A RICH FULFILLMENT!"

says a leading critic, in speaking of popular journalism, and referring to the

Saturday Journal.

which, in less than a year's time, has won such a widespread reputation, and which, with the news trade and the great reading public, has become

A STANDARD FAVORITE!

Not yet a year old, it has taken its place in the van of the weeklies by virtue of the marked originality, vigor, grace and variety of its weekly contents, among which are always to be found

Serials by Star Writers;
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Remarkable Adventures and Episodes;
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Gossip from Prizeng Pens;
Romances of the Sea;
Papers of Sterling Interest and Value;
The Very Cream of Wit and Humor;
Exquisite Poems, etc., etc., etc.

All by a galaxy of writers of more true literary worth than ever before were gathered on one publication, not of that old school which so long has kept the popular press in leading-strings, but of that class of which

Albert W. Allen,
Mrs. Mary Reed Crowell,
Captain J. F. C. Adams,
Dr. Wm. Mason Turner,
Lafayette De Forrest,
Capt. Mayne Reid,
The versatile Aggie Penno,
The inimitable "Beat Time,"
The laughter-provoking "Whitehorn,"
The whimsical Joe Jot, Jr.,
Capt. Charles Howard,
Colonel Prentiss Ingraham,
The unequalled Ralph Ringwood,
The noted "Fat Contributor,"
The piquant "Eve Lawless,"

all are but types, and whose power as writers is attested in the present leading position conceded to this journal. To those seeking for what is

Most Attractive in Matter,
Most Beautiful in Print and Paper,
Most Noticeable in Illustration,
the SATURDAY JOURNAL will offer a succession of weekly issues which will command their admiration and elicit their hearty support.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is, most significantly, a paper for the Home and Fireside, to whose entertainment it contributes, and whose influence is ever good. The current number, as a sample, merits the notice of those anxious to introduce to their households only what is best.

To mail subscribers the paper is sent regularly for three dollars per year.

HEART AND HAND.

BY JOE. F. MORAN.

As we travel on life's journey
From beginning to the end,
We may meet with many an enemy,
And also many a friend.
From some we get a helping hand,
By others left behind.
Yet the hand is often willing
When the heart is not inclined.

For we may have better wishes
From some who pass us by,
Than some who take us by the hand
And to assist us try.
And as you travel through the world—
Just mark it—you will find
That the hand is often willing
When the heart is not inclined.

Some ask you in the front
And turn you out the kitchen-door.—
But such is life, and such shall be life
Till life is life no more;
And quite a number in this world
We must expect to find,
Whose hands are very willing,
But whose hearts are not inclined.

Though such may often be the case,
Excutions still a e met,
And while there's friends as well as foes,
We ought not to be so mean.

For though the cloud is dark indeed
The edge is silver-lined
And the hand is often willing
When the heart is well inclined.

The Mad Skater.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

The broad bosom of one of our northern rivers was covered with a smooth sheet of ice; and, at a point where the stream widens, after passing through scenes rich in historical interest, King Winter seemed to have taken especial delight in spreading a table so attractive as to draw from out their houses nearly the whole population of a thriving village, and stand upon its banks. Men, women and children had turned out to participate in the delightful sport of skating, or to watch the evolutions of the skaters.

It was, in truth, a grand sight, to observe hundreds of both sexes, dressed in various costumes, and gliding rapidly over the smooth translucent surface, while shouts and peals of laughter rung mellow and merry on the still night air. A great bonfire, kindled on the ice, sent up its red flames, throwing their light far along the river, over the quiet village nestled near its bank, glistening from a forested forest on the opposite side, and rendering the scene so wild and fanciful, that the skaters, as they glided to and fro, might easily have been mistaken for the ghostly inhabitants of some supernatural world.

"What splendid skaters!" was the exclamation passing through the crowd, as a young gentleman and lady made their appearance upon the ice, coming up the river from below. They were skating hand in hand, now backward, now forward, now performing some difficult feat, or whirling around in wide sweeping circles.

"Who are they?" was the question asked by many among the spectators.

"Kate Clinton and Frank Hill," was the reply, pointing them out as belonging to the two most prominent families in the neighborhood, whose splendid mansions stood near the river's bank a little further down.

The two skaters, who had thus unexpectedly made their appearance, at once became the objects of universal attraction, and an admiring crowd soon collected around them.

Observing this, and not appearing to like such a public exhibition, the young lady whispered some words in the ear of her companion; who, suddenly wheeling, so as to face down the river, and carrying her round along with him, by a few forcible strokes clear of the crowd, and skated rapidly away from it.

A murmur of disappointment followed their departure, while glances of something like disapproval were cast after them, as they glided off under the gleaming moonlight.

"They appear vexed at our leaving them," remarked the young gentleman. "They don't often see such an accomplished skater as you, Kate."

"As yourself, you mean, Frank. It was your performances that gave them pleasure. And now I think of it, it wasn't very graceful in me to have been the cause of disappointing them. Suppose you go back, and show them a little more of your skill. Do, Frank; I can stay here till you return."

"Any thing to please you, my dear Kate." And so saying, the young man released the tiny gloved hand of his fair partner; and, after a few long shots, was once more in the midst of the villagers, gratifying them with the display so desired.

More than five minutes were thus spent, during which time the accomplished skater was repeatedly cheered, and greeted with complimentary speeches. Then, bethinking him of the fair creature he had left waiting, alone and in the cold, he was about to break off, when the eager spectators entreated him to remain a moment longer, and once more show them a figure that had elicited their most enthusiastic applause.

He consented; repeated the figure called for; and then, resisting all further appeal, with one grand stroke he glided out from among the spectators, and on toward the spot where he had left the young lady on the ice.

On nearing it, he saw that she was not there, nor anywhere in sight!

Where could she have gone?
It occurred to him, that while he was entertaining the village crowd, she might have rejoined it, and become herself one of the spectators.

With all speed he skated back again, and quivered the crowd in every direction, scanning the faces and figures.

But among them he saw neither features nor form, bearing any resemblance to those of the beautiful Kate Clinton.

"Oh!" thought he, "she's been playing a little trick to surprise me. She has slipped in under the river bank; and while I am rushing to and fro in search of her, she is, no doubt, standing in the shadow of a hemlock, and quietly laughing at me."

Yielding to this conjecture, he once more plied his skates, and went rapidly back down the river—keeping close alongside the bank, and scanning every spot overshadowed by the dark fronds of the hemlocks.

But no Kate Clinton was there, either in moonlight or shadow; nor was there any score made by skates upon the insubstantial ice.

It now occurred to him, that he might discover where she had gone, by getting upon the track of her skates, and following it up. With this intent, he hastened to the spot where he had left her standing.

On reaching it, a cold thrill shot through his frame, as if the blood had suddenly be-

come frozen within his veins. In addition to the two sets of skate tracks, left by himself and the young lady in their up and down excursions, he now saw a third, whose bold scores upon the ice showed them to have been from the feet of a man! There were confused curves and zigzaggings, as if there had been a struggle, or some slight difficulty at starting; but, beyond that point, there were two sets of straight continuous furrows, running parallel, and side by side, as if the skaters had gone away with joined hands.

The direction was down the river—toward home.

At a glance Frank Hill recognized the thin score left by the slender steel blades on the feet of Miss Clinton. But the man who had gone skating so close by her side—who was he?

A painful suspicion shot through his brain. He remembered that, shortly after leaving the house, they had passed a man upon the ice, who was also on skates. They had brushed so near him, as to see who he was, and in the moonlight had beheld a countenance bearing a most sinister cast. It was the face of Charles Lansing, whom Frank knew to be a rival suitor for the hand of Kate Clinton.

This man had made his appearance in the neighborhood some three months before; coming no one knew whence. In fact, there was nothing known of him, except his name; and this might easily have been assumed one. He put up at the principal hotel of the village; appeared to have money, and to be a gentleman of birth and education. Was Charles Lansing the man who had come to Miss Clinton upon the ice and carried her away with him? It could be no other; for Hill now remembered having heard the ring of skates behind, as they were coming up the river from the place where Lansing had been seen, and shortly after they had passed him.

The first thought of Kate Clinton's lover was one of a most painful nature. It was, in fact, a bitter pang of jealousy. Had the whole thing been prearranged, and had she willingly gone away with this stranger, who, though a stranger to others, might be better known to her? Lansing, if not what might be called a handsome man, was good-looking enough to give cause for jealousy. It was a fearful reflection for Frank Hill; but, fortunately, it did not long endure. It passed like a spasm; another, nearly as painful, taking its place. He recalled a rumor that had been for some days current in the neighborhood—of a strangeness observed in the behavior of the hotel guest, that had caused doubts about his sanity. And more forcibly came back to Frank Hill's mind, what he had heard that very morning—how Lansing had presented himself at the house of Miss Clinton's father, proposed marriage to her, and, when refused, had acted in such a strange manner—uttering wild speeches and threats against the life of the young lady—that it became necessary to use force in removing him from the premises.

Could this be the explanation of the disappearance? Was the maniac now in the act of carrying out the menace he had made—some terrible mode of vengeance under the wild promptings of insanity? The thought came quick, for this whole series of surprises and conjectures did not occupy three seconds of time. And with the last of these, Frank Hill threw all his strength into a propulsive effort, and shot off like an arrow down the river.

A bend was soon passed, beyond which there was a stretch of clear ice extending for more than a mile. Away at the further end, two forms were dimly discernible; and upon the still, frosty air could be heard the faint ringing of skates, at intervals repeating their strokes.

Frank Hill had no doubt about one of these being she of whom he was in search; and, nerved by the sight, he threw fresh vigor into his limbs, and flew over the smooth surface like a bird upon the wing.

On, past rock and tree, and hill, and farmhouses sleeping in silence; on, in long sweeping strides; his eyes flashing, but fixed upon the two forms, every moment getting more clearly discernible as the distance became lessened by his speed.

And now he was near enough to see that it was Lansing.

The latter, glancing over his shoulder, recognized his pursuer; and, taking a fresh hold on the wrist of his apparently unwilling partner, he forced her onward with increased velocity.

She had looked back and saw who was coming after. The silver light of the moon, falling upon her face, showed an expression of sadness suddenly changing to hope; and, raising her gloved hand in the air, she sent back a cry for help.

It was not needed. That wan face, seen under the soft moonlight, appealing to Frank Hill for protection, was enough to nerve him to a last exertion of his strength, and he kept on, without speaking a word, his whole thought and soul absorbed by the one great desire to overtake and rescue her.

From what? From the grasp of a maniac, as the behavior of Lansing now proved him to be.

Merciful Heaven! What is that sound heard ahead, and at no great distance?

Hill did not need to ask the question. He knew it was the roar of water—he knew that a cataract was below. And near below; for, on sweeping round another curve of the river, the black, smooth water could be seen rushing rapidly forth from under the field of ice, quick whitened into froth as it struck against the rocks cresting the cataract.

The pursued saw it first, but soon after, the pursuer.

"My God!" gasped Hill, in a voice choking with agony, "can the man mean to carry her on—over? Stop, madman!"

Lansing heard the call, and looked back. The moonlight, falling full upon his face, revealed an expression horrible to behold. His eyes were no longer rolling, but fixed in a terrible stare of determination, while upon his features could be traced a smile of demoniac triumph. He spoke no word; but, raising his unemployed arm, pointed to the cataract!

There could be no mistaking the gesture; but what followed made still clearer his intent. Giving a loud shriek, that ended in a prolonged peal of laughter, he faced once more toward the edge of the ice. Then, throwing all his mad energy into the effort, he shot straight for it, dragging the young lady along with him.

The crisis had now come. A moment more, and Kate Clinton, struggling in the arms of a madman, would be carried over the cataract, down to certain destruction on the rocks below.

With heart hot, as if on fire, her lover saw her peril, now proximate and extreme.

But his head was still cool; and at a glance he took in the situation.

By bearing directly down upon them he would only increase the momentum of their speed, and force both over the edge of the ice. His only hope lay in making one last vigorous effort to get between them and the water. A grand sweep might do it; and, without waiting to reflect further, he threw his body forward in the curve of a parabola.

With hands and teeth both tightly clinched, with eyes fixed upon one point, and thoughts concentrated into one great purpose, he passed over the smooth surface, like an electric flash, ending in a shock, as his body came in contact with that of Lansing. A blow from one arm, already raised, sent the latter staggering off upon the ice, at the same time detaching his grasp from the wrist of his intended victim. It was instantly seized by her rescuer, who, continuing the sweep thus intercepted, succeeded in carrying her on to a place of safety.

In vain the madman tried to recover himself. The momentum of his own previous speed, increased by the powerful blow from Hill's clenched fist, sent him spinning on to the extreme edge of the ice, where he fell flat upon his face.

Perhaps he might still have been saved, but for his own frenzied passion. As the skaters, following along the curve, swept close to where he lay, the skate of the young lady almost touching him, he made an effort to lay hold of her ankle, as intending to drag her over the cataract along with him. Fortunately he failed, but the movement was fatal to himself. A piece of rotten ice upon which he rested, giving way under his weight, broke off with a loud crash; and in another moment the detached fragment, bearing his body along with it,

should have called? It was in my day; I remember well—"

"I don't know, papa," was the demure reply, as the girl bent over her crayon pencil and continued most assiduously to sharpen it.

"Yes, you do know, Madeleine," said the old man, in a low voice, looking straight at his daughter. "But, do you like Mr. Thorne, my child? There; don't redden so. I am your father, Madeleine; treat me and trust me as such, for I love you as my heart's blood."

The old merchant spoke very warmly; far more so than the occasion seemingly required.

Madeleine glanced at him, and in a moment her arms were around her father's neck.

"Yes, papa, dear papa! And I love you, papa, for I have no one else, you know."

The old man gazed kindly at her.

"No one, Madeleine? I am growing old, my child, and the dark shore lies not far beyond me. It will soon be in view. I would not leave you alone. But," and his tone changed to one lighter and less gloomy, "search your heart, Madeleine, and tell me if you do not like Fenton Thorne. Speak, my child—I am anxious to know."

The old man affected a tone of levity, but there was a reality, a sternness, a terrible anxiety in that tone.

The daughter noted well and quickly that pretended manner, and, as she wondered, a cloud drew across her heart.

But she answered, after a slight hesitancy: "Yes, father, I will be honest with you. I do like Fent—Mr. Thorne," and her face crimsoned like a sunset sky, as she bended over her work, endeavoring to conceal the tell-tale blood mantling her cheeks.

"I am rejoiced to know this," said the

and down his room in University Hall; and so absorbed was he in thought, that he did not heed the modest rap upon his door.

The student had just had an almost angry conference with Stephen Smith in regard to meeting Ralph Ross. Stephen had insisted that Fenton should pay no attention to the braggart—not to go near him; but that he, Steve, would see the fellow, and if he needed it, give him a good whipping. Fenton, of course, would not assent to this. Then the Kentuckian had become angry, and, in addition to his promised chastisement of Ralph Ross, threatened his friend, the obstinate Freshman, also with a drubbing.

This quarrel between the chums had been terminated only by the warning-bell, calling to recitation the class in chemistry. And Stephen Smith, who belonged to that class, in angry mood, and not knowing the difference—or caring to know it—between a bi-basic salt and double-elective affinity, rushed out, with a final shake of his fist at Fenton.

But the rap was repeated.

The Freshman stepped to the door, and opened it.

"A note for Mr. Fenton Thorne," said John, the serving-man.

"I am he; come in," said the student, receiving the missive. He opened it quickly, and read the few lines rapidly.

A smile, almost heavenly, rested on the collegian's face, as he refolded the note carefully, and placed it tenderly away in his writing-desk, there to be preserved as the most precious, the most idolized of his small stock of household gods.

But then, quick as a flash of lightning, an expression of pain flitted over the fresh young face of the student, and he bit his lip until the blood trickled down.

"I am to await an answer, sir," prompted the man.

"I know it, John; wait a moment," and seating himself by the table, he drew toward him writing materials.

"Confound it!" he muttered. "Was ever luck so bad?"

"Did you speak, sir?"

"Of nothing of importance, John."

The student began to write; but what he wrote did not satisfy him. He began again, and with like result. Then again, and yet once more.

Finally he succeeded in his efforts, and to his satisfaction. Folding the smooth sheet carefully, and with an eye to effect, he gave it reluctantly to John, who, with a respectful bow, backed out of the room, and left.

A half-hour from that time, the Freshman's note, or rather letter, lay open and half-crushed before Madeleine Fleming, on the table in the library.

As a specimen of its class, we will give the communication word by word. It ran thus:

"DEAR MISS MADELINE:

"Your sweet little billet, extending to me an invitation to take tea at your father's hospitable mansion this evening, has been duly received and read—read, I think, thus far, about eight times. Miss Madeleine, it seems to me that all the evil deities of heathen mythology, are arrayed, in offensive league, against me; for—and it gives me the headache and heart ache (?) to write it—I can not possibly go! You see matters stand thus: My chum, Stephen—I call him Steve (you know him), and myself, were caught out of our room on the night of the ball. The old Regent couldn't be deceived, despite our bright light, open door, and lavishness in display of text-books. So we have not been allowed to leave the college-grounds except for meals, until to-day. Besides that, we got five demerits apiece—Steve securing an extra five, for being too independent about the matter. You see then, Miss Madeleine, why I have not called before. I did run a risk a night or so after the ball, but I had an important duty to attend to, which unluckily I failed to perform. But I am now free with the exception of one engagement for this very evening, made prior to the reception of your note. I can not break it. I will come, however, to-morrow evening, and every evening in the week if you want me! But, but, why you know, Steve can't always come."

"Yours, with esteem,

"FENTON THORNE."

"Steve can't always come!" The cunning rascal!" grunted the old merchant.

CHAPTER IX.

ROGER WILLIAMS' ROCK AT SUNSET.

The lengthening shadows of the great old college building, falling in grotesque lines on the "Campus," betokened the quick closing day. The sun, red and flaming, had just gone down behind the dark belt of forest in the distance.

Fenton Thorne was somewhat nervous and excited, as he glanced at his watch, and then, out over the snow-covered common and waste land toward the west.

"Time to go!" he muttered, "and Steve shall not prevent me. Thank goodness, he is in the laboratory, and has to stay there a half-hour yet."

In ten minutes more the young fellow, with rubbers over his boots, and closely wrapped in a heavy overcoat, his ears being protected by a fur cap, issued from the southern rear-door of University Hall. Cutting straight across the College-Campus, he entered Wataman street.

Turning up this avenue, along which the cold north-west wind was blowing lustily, the student bent his stride toward the subjacent country.

To the rear of the city of Providence, or to the east, lying on a high bluff, is a huge boulder of granitic formation. It directly overhangs the romantic little stream of the Seekonk.

There is an old-time history connected with this bare, bold rock, against whose base the tiny, fretting waves of the river are wont to murmur and break in summer time.

This cliff is called *Roger Williams' Rock*, and time-honored tradition has it that this flinty stone was the first firm place, after his exile from Massachusetts, which received the foothold of the sturdy evangelist. 'Tis said that here the Narragansets on the shore greeted the Christian hero with the welcoming salutation of "WHAT CHEER! WHAT CHEER!"

Onward hurried Fenton Thorne, his vigorous steps crunching the crusty snow, the fleecy vapor floating back from his steaming mouth and nostrils. At length, his blood leaping in his veins, his face aglow with generous exercise, the young man paused and stood near the rock.

"Ha! ha! Freshy, you are punctual! I hardly expected you," and as he spoke, Ralph Ross stepped from behind a ragged projection of the rock, and advanced toward him.

"I am not lacking, sir, when I am needed," was the gallant reply. "And now, Ralph Ross, what would you have of me?" "Why, nothing from you, boy; but you must accept a slight souvenir from me, in the shape of a flogging—something to make your memory green, especially when you are in the company of ladies!"

As he thus tauntingly spoke, he drew from beneath his overcoat a bundle of rods and advanced at once upon the Freshman.

"Stand back, Ralph Ross! Stand back, I say, or you'll rue the day you dared attempt such an outrage. Stand back, fellow! I can, and will protect myself!"

As he spoke, Fenton Thorne drew a small pistol from the breast-pocket of his overcoat.

Ross recoiled, but it was only for a moment. He suddenly dashed forward upon his youthful adversary; and, before Fenton Thorne could use his pistol, he was hurled backward.

The struggle was a desperate one, for Fenton Thorne quickly rallied and faced his burly foe. He was muscular, too, and courageous; in his own right he was a lion. But he was no match for the other, and in a moment or so he went down before the powerful fist of his brutal antagonist.

But in a minute, flying feet were heard, spurning the frozen snow, and in the twinkling of an eye, Stephen Smith, the Kentuckian—his dusky face, burning with an angry flush, burst like a whirlwind upon the scene. In a second he hurled his heavy overcoat aside, and then flung himself between his fellow-friend and his foe.

"Hold, Ralph Ross!" he hissed, between his clinched teeth. "Turn to me, you big blackguard, and fight your equal!"

"Out of my way, you western negro-stealer! Get out—"

He did not finish the sentence.

With the bound of a tiger, Stephen Smith rushed upon him. The two strong men met in a fierce conflict. There was no backing out on either side. The advantage from the outset, lay with the Kentuckian. Slowly he pressed his heavy antagonist backward.

In a moment the two stood struggling together on the very edge of the tall rock; in another, Ralph Ross flung his arms above his head, reeled and fell backward over the cliff.

But the frozen bosom of the Seekonk, with its protecting cushion of snow, received the falling man, and saved him from certain death.

For a moment the fellow lay stunned and bleeding upon the spectral snow; but then he commenced to shout lustily for help.

Stephen Smith, panting from exertion, peered over the rock at his fallen adversary, and his noble nature arose within him. Rapidly he descended and soon stood by his foe.

"Get up, you bellowing boaster! Take your hat and be off with you!"

Then he helped the fellow to ascend the steep face of the rock, and turned him toward the city.

"Go, Ralph," he muttered. "Be wise, and—in a hurry!"

Ross waited for no second bidding, but left at once.

"Come, Fent; 'tis time to go."

CHAPTER X.

A SOLILOQUY AT MIDNIGHT.

TEN months, with the shifting panoramas incident to fleeting time, had passed, since the events narrated in the preceding chapter.

The affair between Fenton Thorne and Ralph Ross had blown over. Each of the parties engaged in the fracas had been promptly suspended for a month—of course the whole thing leaked out.

Ralph Ross had been badly injured by the fall, and that circumstance led to an investigation; the result being a complete discovery of the whole affair.

With Fenton Thorne, the month had flown rapidly and pleasantly. He did not consider that any disgrace was attached to him by his suspension. What pleased the young fellow much, was, that Madeleine seemed to think more of him for his conduct in the matter than before; and old Mr. Fleming candidly informed him that he admired him for his pluck!

Stephen Smith, during his month of suspension, had embraced a long-coveted opportunity and gone off to New Hampshire on a shooting expedition. And so the memorable month had passed.

The Freshman soon made up for lost time, and speedily regained his old class-standing. For many weeks the young man had kept away from the Hoxley mansion; he did not venture there again, uninvited, after his memorable rebuff.

The winter, with its frosts and snows, had passed away. Spring, with its outcropping verdure, had come and gone. Summer, with its blue skies and yellow harvests, had likewise vanished; and mellow autumn, with its ripened yields, and dropping leaves, had come.

In the long interim made by the hiatus of ten months, many events had happened in the lives of our characters, worthy, perhaps, of record, but we can not pause in this venacious heart-history further than to make brief reference to them.

Several weeks rolled by since Fenton Thorne had called, that evening, at the Hoxley mansion, and the young man was fast becoming a stranger to the old manufacturer and his proud daughter. That Fenton did not love the fascinating Myra was very evident.

At length, however, a perfumed billet, written in elegant, chaste chirography, had reached the collegian. It was a cordial little letter, expressing much surprise at Fenton's absence, and breathing a warm feeling—too warm, the student thought—all the way through. It was signed, "Affectionately, Myra."

Fenton Thorne, however, went at once, and paid his respects. On this occasion Myra was all sunshine and smiles, and her father was more than ordinarily glad to see "Fenton, my lad."

The manufacturer's daughter was playing a deep game; the stake was well worth the winning, even though a desperate struggle was required to that end. Myra, too, was a wily diplomat, and she assiduously attacked young Thorne at his weakest points. She tickled his vanity, and appealed to his nobleness of nature, his scorn of all things low and mean.

Then she cautiously threw out feelers, *skirmishers* as it were, to learn his position concerning Madeleine.

Getting nothing satisfactory in return, the girl unblushingly attacked Madeleine's character.

This step had awakened in young Thorne a torrent of retort, and Myra, beaten and baffled, had retreated. But she was not as yet entirely defeated. The girl loved Fenton Thorne, and on more occasions than one she had let him know it most unequivocally.

At the residence of old Arthur Fleming Fenton had visited regularly and frequently. He knew he was ever welcome, and he liked to go there; for the hours flew rapidly by



swept over the falls, to be crushed to atoms in the seething caldron below!

The lovers, now safe from all danger, stood for a time silent, with arms crossed, and listening. But, after one wild, appalling shriek that rose from the maniac's lips, as for a moment his body balanced upon the combing of the cataract, they heard no more—only the hoarse monotone of the waters, to be continued to eternity.

The College Rivals:

OR,
THE BELLE OF PROVIDENCE.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF \$50,000 REWARD, THE RUBY KING, MABEL VANE, MASKED MINER, ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

FEELING THE POSITION.

MR. FLEMING and his pretty daughter, Madeleine, sat together in the library. Breakfast had passed rather quietly, rather sadly, too, for the old gentleman seemed, not exactly morose, but brooding, or—a better word—foreboding.

He was reading a morning paper, having just finished one and thrown it aside. As the old gentleman chewed at his cigar, it was not difficult to see that his mind was troubled, that he was cogitating deeply, and that his thoughts were wandering afar off.

Madeleine was sitting quietly by, sharpening a crayon pencil, preparatory to putting on a few finishing touches to a fancy sketch. Suddenly the father laid aside the paper, with a half-impatient gesture.

"Madeleine," he said, quite seriously, "have you seen our young friend, Mr. Thorne, since the ball?"

The question was so sudden that the girl blushed deeply. The subject, however, might not have been foreign to Madeleine's thoughts. She recovered herself, and answered:

"No, papa; I have not."

"Is it not etiquette, my daughter, that he

old man, hastily and sincerely. "I like the lad, and I like his father. We were fellow students. I, by some hocus-pocus, secured the valedictory, and Dick Thorne, by real brain-work, the salutatory. I wonder why he did not send his boy to me, instead of to old Welcome Hoxley?"

"It may have been, papa, that old Mr. Thorne has had dealings with Welcome Hoxley, and of course—"

"You are right, Madeleine, quite right. And you are wondrous apt at bringing forward excuses, but you are right."

"Myra Hoxley told me what I have said, papa," put in Madeleine, quietly.

"Yes, my daughter. And this white-faced, red-lipped Myra, has an eye on young Thorne; depend upon it."

"Pshaw! papa. Mr. Thorne does not care any thing for her; he told me so!" blurted the maiden, right out.

"Ah, indeed," and the old man arched his brows, while a genial smile broke over his hitherto sad face. "I am glad, very glad to hear it, Madeleine, for Myra Hoxley would make no man a good wife. But, Madeleine, write a note to Fenton Thorne, and request him, in my name, to come here this evening to tea."

The young girl blushed with a badly concealed joy, and she drew out her portfolio at once. Suddenly she paused and laid her pen softly down.

"Will it look well, papa?" she asked, in a low voice. "Will it look well to request Mr. Thorne to come, when good manners should have made him call, anyway? I am afraid that—"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the old man, interrupting her. "then, at last, you have found out that etiquette of old is etiquette to-day! However, Madeleine, we'll wave form and ceremony in this instance. I dare say, the young fellow has been doing penance, by order, of course, for being absent from college the other night. Write the note, Madeleine, and send it by John."

"Yes, papa."

In five minutes the note was written, and John dispatched with it, with instructions to place it in Mr. Thorne's own hands.

Fenton Thorne was walking anxiously up

in the companionship of Madeleine and her father.

It is scarcely necessary to state that the collegian progressed well in love-matters, and strange to say, (or not,) at the expiration of two months from the time he laid eyes on Madeleine, he was solemnly pledged to her as her accepted lover; and he, a beardless boy!

Penton Thorne and Ralph Ross never recognized each other, though, singular as it may appear, Ross always spoke to Stephen Smith, most cordially.

One night—and we resume the main thread of our story—that night a raw, moonless one, in October—a single light burned bright and steady in the library of Arthur Fleming, Esq.

This was a rare occurrence; for, one of the life-long rules of the old merchant was: "Early to bed, and early to rise."

It can not be denied that a somewhat singular change had come over old Mr. Fleming of late. Nor can we say "of late" for, as far back as the evening of the great ball, it was noted that a shadow of sadness rested on the old father's face.

Of late, however—that is, for the last three months—Arthur Fleming had been like another man. He was morose, gloomy, taciturn, and—if such a thing were possible with him—ill-natured.

But, to Madeleine he was ever kind, though he did not evince toward her the warm, yearning affection, as of old. His mind seemed to be wandering—his thoughts eternally going out from him.

At first, Madeleine had noted this with wonder; then with sorrow. The maiden became sad, and longed, more than ever, for the coming of her young lover, whose presence would cheer up her drooping spirits, and chase her sorrows away.

On the raw night, above referred to, Arthur Fleming, in dressing-gown and slippers, strode nervously, meditatively, up and down the limits of his library. It was eleven o'clock, and all had retired to rest, save him who most needed it—the old man.

On the table, in the center of the room, lay several large account-books, open. Heavy weights rested on certain pages. Around lay numerous small slips, containing memoranda of calculations. A single burner from the heavy chandelier shed its rays over the apartment.

"I can not avert the impending distress," murmured the old man, in a low, agonizing voice. "Oh! it's hard to come down this. And to think that I have so foolishly squandered away thousands on thousands! My conscience tells me I have striven, earnestly and honestly, to redeem my losses. Day and night have I worked and pored over this dreadful enigma; but all in vain! I have seen it coming day by day, hour by hour; and now it is almost upon me. When the great, threatening wave breaks, as it most assuredly will, unless, indeed, a miracle should stay it, poor Madeleine and myself will be forever overwhelmed beneath it! Poor, darling Madeleine; oh! that I could speak with you—could tell you my dreadful secret! But Penton Thorne, ay! his father is rich—very rich! Oh! that such thoughts will come into my mind! No, no; I'll be honest still; I'll trust God, and die as I have thus far lived, honorable and upright! It is my last chance—my last move. I will do my utmost. I will raise money by secretly selling—selling—useless finery; and then the good old Rover must be my friend again! In her I will risk my all once more; and I will trust my old captain to the last! If this venture succeeds, if the Rover should return to port, I—I—oh—God—I will be saved. If she fail to come back, I am forever ruined! No hope then—no!"

At that moment there was a loud, decided rattle at the library window, then a heavy fall, as if some one had leaped to the ground. In a few seconds hasty steps, speeding away, echoed in the merchant's ears.

The old man sprang to the window, and threw up the sash with a sudden, vigorous effort. The broad flash of light fell, in a long line, far out into the garden.

Arthur Fleming started violently and covered back, as he saw a dim, grotesque figure hurrying toward the street.

"Ha! He here! He not! He not! He not! He not! He not! Oh! no! no!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 4.)

RED ARROW, The Wolf Demon: OR, THE QUEEN OF THE KANAWHA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "AGE OF SPADAS," "SCARLET HAND,"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE RETURN TO POINT PLEASANT.

"Now, I know what the matter was with him before!" cried Boone, as he knelt by Lark's side.

"One of these fits, eh?"

"Yes."

Slowly Lark's scattered senses came back to him. With a vacant look he gazed into the faces of the two men who knelt by his side.

"By hokey! you've had a rough time of it," said Boone.

"I have been out of my head, then?"

"Yes, mad as a March hare," replied the borderer.

"Just look at the strips of deer-skin," said Kenton, pointing to the severed pieces lying at the foot of the oak. "You bust 'em just as if they had been paper."

"I feel weak enough now," said Lark, sadly.

"No wonder!" exclaimed Boone; "you've used up all your strength. Jerusalem! I thought you'd pull the oak over. I shouldn't like to have a tussle with you when you're in one of them queer fits like you had just now."

Aided by his companions, Lark rose slowly to his feet.

"I say, Abe, have you any idea what it is that makes you set so queer?" Kenton asked.

"Yes; do you see this scar?" and Lark pointed to the terrible, livid mark that disfigured his face.

"Of course," Kenton replied.

"The wound that made that scar is the cause of it; that is, I think it is. The wound affected my head. I have never been the same man since."

"It's a mighty strange thing," said Boone, wonderingly.

"Yes; I have had these spells before. I can always tell when they are coming on. I have a strange, burning sensation in my

head; every thing before my eyes is tinged with red; the blood races like wildfire through my veins, then all my senses leave me. I can remember nothing."

"How did you receive the wound?" Boone asked.

"In an Indian fight. After it was given me I lay for days between life and death. I escaped death, but this dark cloud of madness follows me."

"Well, it's the queerest story that I ever did hear tell of," said Boone, sagely.

"How do you feel now?" asked Kenton.

"Oh, much better," replied Lark.

"Strong enough for to go on?"

"Yes."

"Let's be making tracks, then."

Carefully and cautiously the three proceeded through the thicket.

No hostile Indians barred their course, and by the time the sun reached the meridian, the three entered the stockade that fenced in Point Pleasant.

Warm was the greeting that they received from the settlers, but many a sun-browned cheek grew pale, and many a stout heart beat quick when the scouts told the story of Ke-ne-ha-ha's expedition.

It was sad news indeed to the hardy borderers when they learned that the great Shawnee chieftain had dug up the war-hatchet, and would soon bring his painted warriors—hot for slaughter—to the banks of the Ohio.

Then, too, for the first time, Boone heard the story of the strange disappearance of General Treveling's daughter, Virginia.

The rage of the old Indian-fighter knew no bounds when he heard that the renegade, Girty, had abducted the girl.

"The eternal villain!" he cried, in wrath, "let me draw 'bead' on him once and he'll never carry off any other white gal to give to the painted devils that he calls his brothers."

The party headed by Jake Jackson, who had been in search of traces of the missing girl, had returned to Point Pleasant just before the arrival of the three scouts. Their search had been fruitless; no traces of the missing girl had they discovered.

"I tell you what it is, General," said Boone to the aged father, whose sad countenance showed plainly his deep grief, "thar ain't any use of looking for the gal, or that 'tarnal villain either, in the timber 'bout hyer. He's made tracks long ago for the Injun settlement by the banks of the Scioto, Chillicothe, as the red heathens call it."

"But, colonel, can nothing be done to rescue her?" asked the aged father, in despair.

"Why, General, you see it's a bad time for to do any thing. Within twenty-four hours the Injuns will be around us thick as bees round a hive. We'll have our hands full to attend to the savages 'n keep their paws off our top-knots. I feel right bad for you, General, but you know our first duty is to the helpless, she-children and young 'uns hyer. We can't let 'em be massacred right afore our eyes, you know. We've got to whip the red devils first; then we'll do what we can toward saving your little gal."

"You are right, Boone," said the old soldier, sadly; "the safety of the whole settlement can not be put in peril for the sake of my private grief. I must bow in submission to the will of Heaven, though my affliction is sore."

"General, I feel for you, but duty you know is duty," observed Boone, slowly.

"Heaven forbid that I should say a single word to swerve you from the path of duty. I am too old a soldier to counsel you to do wrong," said the old man, quickly.

"Besides, General, I think about the best blow that we can strike for your daughter's rescue is to whip the red heathens that are coming ag'in us. When we drive 'em back, then we can follow them up and perhaps be able to 'snake the little gal out of their hands." Boone was trying by his words to lift the weight of sorrow that pressed so heavily upon the heart of the old soldier.

The father shook his head sorrowfully. He had little hope of ever seeing his daughter again.

He knew the nature of the red-men well. If defeated in their attack on the station they would be apt in their rage to avenge that defeat by giving any helpless prisoner that might be in their hands to the fiery torture of death at the stake. No wonder that the father's heart was sad.

"How many men have come in, Jake?" questioned Boone.

"We've got nigh onto two hundred, all told," replied the sturdy Indian-fighter.

"Well, we ought to be able to whip a thousand of the red-skins easy," said Boone, in a confident tone. "Do you expect any more, Jake?"

"Not above half a dozen, kurnel; we've drawn 'bout all our men in now," Jackson replied.

"Set the women to running bullets, and get plenty of water inside the stockade. The red heathens may make a siege of it," said Boone.

"Every thing has been fixed, kurnel."

"That's pert. Now, Jake, I guess we three had better take a little rest. We've been everlastingly tramping through the timber. Throw out some scouts up the river to watch for the red devils. After I've had an hour's nap I'll take to the woods myself."

Then Boone went to his cabin; he was followed by Kenton and Lark.

"I wonder what's the matter with the stranger; did you notice how pale he looked?" Jackson said, referring to Lark.

"Wal—yes, I did," replied one of the settlers, who stood by Jackson's side. "I reckon they've had a putty tough tramp onto it. Maybe, though, some on us will look white afore we get through with Ke-ne-ha-ha and his Shawnees."

Many an anxious face in the little group of men that surrounded Jackson testified to the truth of the speaker's guess.

In the cabin the three scouts stretched themselves upon the bear-skins spread upon the floor, and soon were in the land of dreams.

The hour's nap of Boone lasted some four hours, and the shades of evening were beginning to gather thick about the settlement when the old borderer awoke.

Boone rubbed his eyes and indulged in a prolonged yawn.

"Jerusalem! my eyes feel as if they were full of sticks," he muttered.

Then Boone cast his eyes through the little window that lit up the cabin, to the sky. "It's late, too, by hokey!" he cried. "It's time for us to be on the look-out, for the red devils will probably try to cross the Ohio some time after dark."

Then Boone laid his hand upon Kenton's shoulder.

The scout awoke instantly. His slumber was like the sleep of a cat.

"Time for our scout, Kenton," Boone said.

"All right, I'm on hand, kurnel. Shall I wake Lark?" Kenton asked.

The third one of the scouts was still buried in heavy slumbers.

"Yes, he'll be mad if we go without him, or at least, I know I would be," said Boone, with a chuckle. The stout-hearted borderer welcomed danger as he would an early friend.

"All right; I'll wake him, then."

Kenton laid his hand upon Lark's shoulder, but the sleeper stirred not.

"Shake him a little," suggested Boone.

Kenton did so, but the sleeping man never stirred.

"He's laying himself right down to it, ain't he?" said Boone, with a dry humor in his voice.

"Haden't we better go without him?" asked Kenton.

"Try once more. He's the soundest sleeper that I ever did see," Boone said.

Again Kenton shook the sleeping man, and this time violently, but the effort was useless; Lark never moved.

Kenton bent over and examined him.

"He ain't a-breathing right," the scout said, in some little alarm.

"Has he got another fit?" asked Boone, quickly.

"Well, it looks like it. His teeth are clenched together, and he's breathing like a quarter-horse."

Boone knelt by Kenton's side and bent over Lark.

A moment's examination convinced Boone that there was something the matter with his companion.

Lark's breath came thick and hard.

"Another spell, by thunder!" muttered Boone, as, with Kenton, he bent over the unconscious man.

Then, suddenly, as though moved by some secret spring, Lark's eyes opened. He stared into the faces of the two that bent over him, but his eyes were like eyes of glass; there was no life therein.

Like men in a trance, Boone and Kenton gazed into the white face and the great, staring eyes.

There was something in the face that seemed to chill the very blood coursing in their veins.

For a moment Lark stared with meaningless eyes at the two, and they, fixed as statues, horrified, they knew not at what, returned the look.

Then, with a sudden start, and apparently with the strength of a giant playing in his muscles, Lark sprang to his feet.

As he rose, he came in violent contact with Boone and Kenton, and the sudden shock hurled them to the floor as though they had been two children.

When he had gained his feet, Lark cast a rapid glance around him, passed his hand mechanically across his forehead, and then, with a stealthy step, like unto a wild beast crawling in upon its prey, he left the cabin.

For a moment Boone and Kenton, seated upon the floor where they had fallen, looked at each other in speechless astonishment.

"If he ain't mad, I'm a catfish!" cried Kenton.

"Let's foller him; he may do some one a mischief!" exclaimed Boone. Then, with eager haste, they followed Lark.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PRICE OF LE-A-PAH'S HAND.

The shades of night descended upon the village of Chillicothe, yet the plumed and painted warriors headed by Ke-ne-ha-ha went not forth upon their expedition against the whites on the banks of the Ohio.

The red chieftain fumed and chafed like a caged lion. His allies, the Wyandots and the Mingoes, had sent word that they could not move their forces for three days, and so, despite his desire for war, he was compelled to remain inactive.

The wily sachem knew full well that he could accomplish nothing unless he came down upon his foes in overwhelming numbers.

Ke-ne-ha-ha had faced the deadly fire of the white rifles on many a bloody field. He had felt the prowess of the hardy bordermen, and had learned to respect it. No hot-headed boy was he, to rashly dare the power of the white-skins without a force far superior to their own.

And so he waited, and while he waited, furious as the angry bear cheated of his prey—he called down the curses of the Great Spirit upon the heads of the slow-moving chiefs, his allies.

He paced restlessly up and down the narrow confines of his wigwam.

The chiefs of the Wyandots and the Mingoes are like turtles; they should have houses on their backs. A warrior should be like the eagle or the hawk—swift as the forked light of the Great Spirit. The white-skins must know that the red-men will soon take the war-path against them. The great chief, Boone, has long ears. Like a fox he crept into the Shawnee village; he will carry back to his people the news that the red warriors are arming for the fight."

The meditations of the chief were interrupted by the entrance of his daughter, Le-a-pah.

The features of the chieftain softened as he looked upon the handsome face of his only child.

"May Le-a-pah speak with her father, the great chief?" asked the girl, with a timid smile.

"The heart of the father is always open to the words of his child," replied the chief, drawing the little form of the girl to him as he spoke, and smoothing back the dark masses of ebony hair from her low forehead.

"Will my father be angry if Le-a-pah speaks straight?" and the girl looked shyly into her father's face as she spoke.

"Let my daughter speak; the chief will not be angry at his singing-bird because her tongue is not forked," said Ke-ne-ha-ha, tenderly.

"My father is the great chief of the Shawnee nation; will my father be angry if his child has looked upon a young brave with loving eyes?"

An earnest look the chief cast into his daughter's face.

"The singing-bird wishes to leave her father, then?"

"Did not the mother of the singing-bird leave her father when she came to sing in the lodge of the great chief?" the maiden asked, shyly.

"My daughter speaks straight. It is the course of nature. The leaf falls from the tree and seeks the embrace of the earth. What is the name of the chief in whose wigwam Le-a-pah would sing?"

"He is only a young brave—" began the girl, timidly.

"Youth is not a crime," interrupted the chief; "nor would I give my child to a brave whose hairs are like the snow in color. Spring should not sit in the lap of Winter, else her blood will be chilled unto ice—it is bad."

"The young brave is not yet a great warrior, but he has a heart as big as a bear and no white plume is bound up in his scalp-locks. He will be a great chief when years come heavy upon his head," said the girl, cheered by the encouraging words of the great chief.

"Let my daughter speak his name and then Ke-ne-ha-ha will know how to answer," said the father.

"He is called the White Dog," and then the girl gazed anxiously into her father's face, but the face of the chief was like a face of marble; not a muscle moved as the name of his daughter's lover fell upon his ears.

Even the keen, womanly instinct of Le-a-pah, now made doubly keen by the fires of love burning so intensely in her bosom, could not detect whether her father was pleased or displeased.

"The young warrior that captured the great white fighting-man, Boone?" said the chief, slowly.

"The name of the girl leaped for joy; she thought the speech of her father an omen of good."

"Yes," she replied, joyously, and the warm blood leaped freely into her cheeks.

"The young brave is very young," said the chief, gravely. But the heart of the girl could not be deceived. Her heart had told her that her father approved of her choice.

"Le-a-pah is young, too," replied the girl.

"The chief is new on the war-path."

"Yet, alone he grappled with the great white hunter and brought him to the earth. What other red warrior has ever done the like?"

A grim smile crept over the stern features of the chief as he listened to the unanswerable words of the girl.

"My daughter is as wise as the fox—she speaks for her lover as stoutly as the she-wolf fights for her young."

"The great chief is not angry at Le-a-pah because she speaks for the man she loves?"

"No, it is the blood of Ke-ne-ha-ha running in the veins of Le-a-pah that bids her speak."

"My father then will give his consent that the young chief shall claim Le-a-pah as his own?"

"Ke-ne-ha-ha will then be alone in the world. The Red Arrow, his eldest joy, lies beneath the big oaks that sway their leafy branches in the woods of the Scioto valley. It is the will of the Great Spirit—the chief will not murmur at it."

"Then Le-a-pah may go and sing in the lodge of the young warrior and make glad his heart?" asked the girl, her heart swelling with joy.

"Yes—on one condition," replied the chief.

"And what is that?" asked the girl, puzzled.

"The chief must first know. If he accepts the condition and performs the service asked, then Le-a-pah shall be his wife, and Ke-ne-ha-ha will himself give her into his hands."

The look of joy upon the face of the girl amply repaid the father for his kindly words.

"Ke-ne-ha-ha too is growing old. In years to come he will be too old to lead the Shawnee warriors to battle. His feet will be feeble upon the war-path and his sight will be dim. The Shawnees will select a new chief to lead them. Who so fit as the son-in-law of their old sachem, if Ke-ne-ha-ha lifts up his voice in his favor?"

The heart of the girl beat high with pride and joy as she listened to the words of her father and thought of the future that looked so bright before her.

"Le-a-pah can not speak as she would, for her heart is too full."

"Let my daughter send the young chief to me. Ke-ne-ha-ha will tell him of the service that he must attempt in order to win the flower of the Shawnee tribe."

"It is a service of danger?" and a look of anxious fear swept over her dark face.

"If the flower is not worth the winning, no chieftain's hand shall ever pluck it from the parent stem," replied the father.

"The young brave will face a thousand deaths, Le-a-pah will pledge her life to it," said the girl, promptly, and then she left the wigwam.

In a few minutes the young warrior who aspired to the hand of the great chieftain's daughter, stood within the lodge of the great chief.

Ke-ne-ha-ha cast a searching glance into the frank and open face of the young Indian. Therein he saw written both courage and skill.

"The young brave would have the daughter of Ke-ne-ha-ha to sing in his wigwam?"

"The chief speaks straight," replied the young warrior, firmly.

"The love of a pure girl is priceless; no treasure like it on the earth, it is the greatest blessing that Manitou ever gave to his red children. What will the young warrior give or do to win the singing bird?"

"He will give his life for Le-a-pah; do all possible things. Let the great chief speak—tell of the service that he wishes the young warrior to do," said the Shawnee, promptly.

For a moment, Ke-ne-ha-ha, looked into the face of the young brave as though, pondering upon the words that he was about to speak.

The warrior waited anxiously; impatient to know of the deed that he must do to win the girl that he loved so fondly.

"The chief has heard of the Wolf Demon?"

"Yes," replied the warrior, and a look of dread crept over his face as he heard the name of the terrible scourge of the Shawnee nation.

"The paws of the Wolf Demon are red with the blood of my people. Many Shawnee warriors have fallen by the tomahawk of this terrible being. On their breasts he cuts his totem—a Red Arrow. Does the chief know why the totem of the Demon is a Red Arrow?"

"No," the warrior replied.

"The Red Arrow was the eldest daughter of Ke-ne-ha-ha—the sister of Le-a-pah. She left her tribe to dwell in the wigwam of a white stranger. Ke-ne-ha-ha followed and struck to the death the false girl who forsok her tribe. He killed also the white-skin. The dead white was eaten up by a wolf, but the soul of the white-skin lived. It eat up the soul of the animal and the beast became the Wolf Demon—a wolf with a human soul. The Wolf Demon can be killed. Ke-ne-ha-ha has grappled with him."

He did not clutch air but substance. The human wolf can be struck to the death if the blow be given rightly."

The words of the great chief opened the eyes of the young brave. He guessed what the service was that the Shawnee chieftain wished at his hands.

"Let the great chief speak of the deed that must be done to win the hand of Le-a-pah."

"The human wolf can be killed—"

"Yes."

"Let my young brave try to kill the Wolf Demon. If he draws one drop of blood from the scourge of the Shawnees, he shall have the daughter of Ke-ne-ha-ha."

"Pity we can't go on the war-trail, hey?" "Big pity," replied the chief, sentimentally. "My brother thinks much of his Wyandot brother, Girty?" said Kendrick, in a tone of question.

"His Wyandot brother is a great warrior," replied the chief, evidently not willing to commit himself by a decided answer.

"Wal, I judged that you thought a heap of him by being willing for to do his watching, hyer," said Kendrick, suggestively.

"Girty is a great Wyandot chief, but the Shawnee brave is not his watch-dog for love. The chief does a service, but the chief will be paid for it."

"Oho!" muttered Kendrick to himself, "I reckon I know how the chief is a-goin' to be paid."

"My brother knows now that the Shawnee is to be paid for his service," said the Indian.

"No more than right," said Kendrick, heartily.

"I heard the chief say that Girty got some corn-juke from a flat-boat that he captivated on the Ohio."

"Wal, it is good. The Shawnee brave is to have corn-juke in payment of his service."

"Wal, corn-juke ain't bad to take when it's good," said Kendrick, reflectively.

"It is good!" replied the warrior, decidedly.

"I wish that my wigwam wasn't so far off," said Kendrick, with a sly look into the Indian's bronzed features as he spoke.

"Why does my brother wish that?" asked the chief.

"Wal, I feel thirsty, and I've got some of the best corn-juke that I ever did see in my wigwam, and I'm too 'larnal lazy to go after it."

"It is bad," said the warrior, slowly, looking askance at the renegade.

"If my brother did not have to watch the wigwam he could go for the corn-juke and we could drink it together."

"My brother speaks straight."

"I'm sorry that the chief can not go—"

"Why can not the chief go?" asked the Indian, within whose breast there had sprung up a strong desire to taste the precious fire-water of the renegade.

"Is he not watching the wigwam for his Wyandot brother, Girty?"

"Can not the Shawnee chief go for the fire-water, and leave his Shawnee brother to watch the wigwam?"

"Of course, this was exactly what the shrewd renegade wished."

"My brother is as wise as the fox."

The Indian bowed at the compliment.

"Will my Shawnee brother go for the fire-water and leave me to watch the lodge?"

"My brother speaks good. The chief will go," and the Indian rose to his feet.

"The chief will find the corn-juke under a blanket near the door of the lodge."

The Indian bowed, gravely, and departed.

"He'd smell it out, anyway," muttered Kendrick; "leave a red-skin alone for finding whisky, if that's any around. They go for it quick as a coon does for a tall tree when the dogs are after him. Now I'll jest warn Kate, so that she will know that the coast is clear. I reckon Girty will swear some when he finds that the gal has broke for tall timber," and the renegade chuckled in glee.

His fit of laughter over, he looked about him, carefully. No one was in sight; so he cautiously gave the signal agreed upon between Kate and himself.

A few moments after the sound of the cough died away on the night-air, Kate came, cautiously, from the wigwam, followed by Virginia.

"All right, gal," said the renegade, quickly.

"The Injun's out of the way, but don't let grass grow under your feet between hyer and the Ohio. They may discliver that you've got your stick any moment."

"Do not worry, father. I know every foot of the ground between here and the river," replied the girl, a strange nervousness potent in her voice. "Come, lady; do not fear; before this night is over, you shall be free from danger."

"That ain't much danger in the grave," muttered the renegade between his teeth.

Then Kate led the way into the wood and Virginia followed without a word.

The renegade watched them until the dark shadows of the forest closed around them and they were hid from his view.

"I reckon my little gal will fix her," muttered the renegade, in a tone of satisfaction.

Then a thought flashed suddenly across his mind. With a sudden spring he leaped to his feet.

"By all the imps below I never thought of that before!" he cried, excitedly. "Shall I follow and stop 'em?" and he took a few steps toward the wood, as if to execute the purpose. "But no, why should I?" and he halted. "One don't know it, and the other don't either. It can't be a crime if she don't know what she's doing in killing this gal. And then another thought came into his mind. The dull-witted renegade was getting strangely bright.

"The gal has fooled me! I remember now that she once told me that this Miss Treveling was the only woman in the world that had ever spoken a kind word to her, and that she would willingly lay down her life for her sake. The truth out is, that she has sneaked the gal out of our hands to save her. The lover story was all moonshine. Wal, let the gal do it, if she kin. She little knows what she is doing when she saves this she-critter."

Then the renegade resumed his place by the lodge.

In a short time the Shawnee returned with the good bottle of whisky.

It only took a few minutes for the renegade and the chief to empty the gourd.

Hardly had they finished the whisky when from the darkness came Girty.

Girty said but a few words to the two and then entered the lodge.

"That'll be a hurricane 'fore long," muttered Kendrick.

The renegade was right, for Girty rushed from the wigwam, furious as the panther cheated of its prey.

"Curses on you, the girl is gone!" he cried.

The Indian looked the astonishment he felt, while on Kendrick's face was a look of amazement, of course assumed for the occasion.

"You have left your post," Girty cried to the Indian.

The chief did not attempt to deny it, but strove to excuse himself by stating that Kendrick had watched in his place.

Girty guessed the scheme at once.

"You eternal villain!" he cried, addressing Kendrick, "it was all contrived between you and your daughter to rescue the girl from my hands, you lying hound!"

Enraged, Kendrick sprang to his feet, drew his knife and made a dash at Girty,

but his opponent was quicker far than he, for, as Kendrick advanced, Girty dealt him a terrific blow with his tomahawk that felled him like a log to the earth.

"Life there and rot!" cried Girty, contemptuously. "And now summon the warriors; we must follow our birds at once. As for this affair, you can hear witness, chief, that I struck him in self-defense."

Within five minutes, a dozen painted warriors, headed by Girty, were on the trail of the fugitives.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 35.)

A Big Blow-Up!

BY TOM KEENE.

"THAT'S the spot, boys, close by which that onct happened a circumstance that kem nigh windin' my string up," and the ranger, Ned Hardy, pointed off to the northward, where a low range of hills was sharply defined against the clear sky.

"I don't mind arter we, get into camp," he continued, in reply to a request from one of the fellows to relate the incident.

We were then riding straight for the belt of timber, where we intended halting for the night, and in less than an hour we were grouped around the fire, waiting for Ned to spin the promised yarn.

"Most uv you fellers," he began, "know wut a devil uv a bobbyer Hank Ballard's gang kicked up on the border two or three years ago; bustin' up emigrant trains, murderin' the men, weemin' an' young 'uns, robbin' the mail coaches, an' cuttin' the passengers' throats, an' wuss'n all, runnin' ev'ry trapper or hunter c'lar outen the section uv kentry whar they used."

"They war a desprit bad lot, an' the head devil uv 'em all, whar Hank Ballard, wut wuss'n the hull lot b'iled down together."

"The gov'ment hed sent out half a dozen expeditions ter try an' bust 'em up, but all uv 'em hed kin' back suckin' their thumbs, 'cause they couldn't find whar the gang cached, nobow."

"Year afore last me an' ole Ben Coy wur pardners, an' wur workin' the cricks an' big streams up in the Arbuckle hills, them as I showed ye to-day, an' we'd struck a powerful streak uv luck, now I tell you."

"Ole Ben war jess as happy as a b'ar up a bee-tree, an' the way he did handle them traps wur a caution to shovel-tails."

"Well, one evenin' 'bout sundown, a cupple uv chaps drapped into camp an' axed leave ter stay all night, sayin' es how they b'longed to a emigrant train an' hed got lost a-huntin'."

"In course we didn't turn 'em off; I never doose, but I could see thet ole Ben didn't like 'em from the start."

"They wur a ugly-lookin' pair, an' the way they wur heeled wur a sight to see—six-shooters all over 'em an' knives enuff ter set up a one-hoss store. We give 'em the best we hed, an' arter chatti' awhile, we turned in reg'lar fur the night."

"It wur'n necessary ter hev two pair uv eyes ter see thet Ben wur a-goin' ter watch them chaps, an' knowin' thet he wur eekle to enny weazel, I drapped off an' didn't know nothin' till mornin'. But I tell you, thet when I wur woked up, a leetle arter day-break, by Ben, I know'd a good deal, an' more, too."

"That wur my pardner, rippin' an' t'arin' an' cussin' me an' him, an' ev'rybody an' thing on the airts, but, more'n all, them two cusses es hed roped in onto us fur a night's lodgin'."

"They wur gone, an' along with 'em 'bout half uv the pelts, Ben's rifle an' fixin's, an' a heap more things, thet comes hand when a feller's trappin'."

"How they kem to leave my rifle I don't hev no idee, but they did."

"You kin bet high we wur'n long a-takin' the trail, an' though they done sum tall dodgin' to break it, we lifted it at a lively trot till we treed the skunks in a sink-hole."

"Sartin, in a sink-hole. Why shedn't they go in thet if they'd a mind to, an' turn big anuff?"

"It ar a durned queer place, ennyhow," sed Ben, "but ef they went in thet so kin I, an' hyar goes."

"Twur a tight squeeze, gettin' through the hole wur, but arter we wur onct in thet wur room anuff fur a hunderd more."

"Twur a reg'lar cave, an' a big uv, too, wut what got Ben an' me wur thet it wur almost es tight inside es 'twur out."

"Sign wur plenty, tracks all over the ground, whar wur damp-licks, but what got us ag'in wur the fact thet they all went one way, an' thet way wur deeper into the cave."

"Nuther hole somewhar," sed Ben, an', with thet, off he put, feelin' his way cautious-like, fur we didn't know jess yet what morn turn up."

"First we crep' through the big room, an' then thet thing got summat smaller, an' 'bout ten foot further it took a sudden turn round a corner. Ben wur ahead, an' wur on the p'int uv makin' the turn, when, all at onct, I p'et him stop an' left his hand fur listen."

"Hyar they ar," Ned, sez he; "jess listen to 'em. An' shure anuff I could hear a kind uv buzzin', es ef thet wur a hull g'ist uv 'em talkin' to onct."

"Peek, Ned," sed Ben, "you're lighter on yer hoofs nor I be, an' be monstrous keeful, fur I think I knows whar we ar."

"What?" sez I.

"Why, in Hank Ballard's den, thet's whar," sez the ole feller.

"Now, boys, I ain't easy scart, but thet bounced me a good deal; but I shrep' up, an' freezin' close to the rock, I covered one eye out an' took a look. But thet wur anuff fur thet man I see wur thet pizen skunk, Hank Ballard, hisself, while all 'round, a-settin' on boxes an' bundles an' packs, es they hed stole from the trains, wur about twenty uv the gang."

"The place they wur in wur twicet es big es 'otter room, an' one side uv it wur open about ten feet from the floor, whar a ladder wur leanin' ag'in the wall, an' thet I see how it wur thet they left the place 'stead uv comin' back by the sink-hole."

"Arter thet, Ben an' me wur'n long in leavin', you kin bet."

"Outside, we sacumvented the place, an' found thet the openin' wur right p'int in the face uv a cliff, a hunderd feet, mebbey, high, an' the way the imps got out wur by a narrow trail, thet led along a kind uv a bench 'round the cliff to the level above."

"Twur a splendid place, an' 'thout knowin' enny thin' 'bout the sink-hole, five hunderd men couldn't a' teched 'em."

"Ned, sez Ben, whod' ben thinkin' a bit, you put back fur camp an' bring up the keg uv powder outen the cache. I'm off, down ter Sugar Run camp, to fetch up the boys thet ar thar. Meet us in the gully over yander, an' wait till we comes, an' off he put on the lepe, like the devil wur arter him."

"It wur a good steep down to Sugar Run, an' by the time Ben an' the boys got up the sun wur shinin' through the tops uv the timber."

"Es lack would hev it, that wur a emigrant-train stoppin' not fur from camp when Ben got thar, an' they jined the boys, makin' sixteen rifles, 'thout countin' me an' my pardner, who didn't hev his'n, seein' thet the imps hed stole it."

"We wur'n no great while settlin' onto a plan."

"I hed fetched up the keg uv powder. I reckin' thar wur thirty pound uv it, an' ole Ben nailed it fur his weepin'."

"Uv course I know'd he wur a-goin' ter blow up the cave, an' them as wur inside along with it, but how he wur goin' to work it kinder got me."

"The wur'n long afore I did know, how-somever."

"Ned, sez Ben, 'you an' me ar' got ter do this job. We found 'em fast, an' they're our meat."

"Esee the hill on 't'other side uv the gully whar the cave opens, are in p'int-blank range uv the leetle road round the rock. Frum the hill the boyes'll kiver thet er path, an' ef one uv the pizen skunks gets out thet way, I'm moutly mistook, thet's all."

"You an' me ar' to take the sink-hole, an' take this hyar along w' us." An' Ben he jess lefted the keg an' started.

"The boyes took kiver on their hill across frum whar the cave opened. While me an' Ben crept round the base uv the cliff an' scrambled up to whar the sink-hole went down."

"I tell you, boyes, thet this hyar thing uv creepin' in sech places ar' bad enuff enny way, but when a feller goes in thar to tech of thirty pound uv powder, it ar' jess ole p'eticklar h—"

"But Ben Coy hed sed it hed tu be done, an' thet war s'cient."

"Ben he went down fust, luggin' the keg arter him, an' purty soon we war whar we fust hed the imps a-buzzin'. 'Twarn't no time fur talkin' then. Signin' war anuff, an' me an' Ben underslood 'em."

"The ole feller sot the keg down close ag'in the wall, an' es nigh to whar the bend war es he dar'd, an' an' then he pulled out a long bit uv black paper rolled up into a twist, an' stuck one end uv it into thet powder."

"Twur a slow match he'd made, et least-we hed sed it wur, but durn my cats ef it wur'n a fast match, an' thet fastest kind uv a one too."

"Ar ye redder, Ned?" sez Ben.

"Reddy fur whar?" sez I.

"Runnin', sez he."

"You jess tech thet thing off an' see me run," whispered I, gettin' my pins sot straight under me fur quick movement."

"Hyar she goes," sed the ole boss, strikin' a light w' his steel, an' stoopin' down over thet slow match. In course the cussed thing bung fire; they allers doose."

"Fiz—spit—fiz—an' then it cotched."

"Run, Ned!" yelled Ben, fur he didn't keer much now, an' away he went, an' me arter him."

"I looked back onct, an' thet wur anuff fur I see the sparks a-flyin', an' know'd the powder'd ketch in a minit more."

"Ben went through thet hole like a bullet rollin' outen a shot-gun, an' then I made a drive up'ards arter his heels an'—stuck fast, I wish I may die ef I didn't."

"I must 'a' swelled, or the hole must 'a' got littler, or ennythin' must 'a' gone wrong, fur thar I war, fast es a beaver into a trap, an' that thing a-burnin' an' a-sparklin' jess behind."

"Lordy! boyes, how I did kick an' scroug an' cawot about in thet er hole!"

"An' holler! You jess ought to heard me holler! Hungry Diggers ain't a patchin' to the way I spoke out on thet occasion, an' the way I coaxed Ben ter come back an' help me out would 'a' made a Blackfoot shed tears bigger'n a Injin' turnip. Ben wur game, an' when he see thet fix I wur in he started back shure anuff, but afore he got thar, I war sot free."

"Bully! Then yer war all right!" exclaimed one of the deeply interested listeners.

"All right! Oh, sartinly! to be shure I wur all right, but durn sech a way uv gettin' all right."

"I don't hev no very c'lar idee uv what tuck place. I only knows thet I heard a crack 's ef ther hull mountin' war bust'd all ter silters, an' thet I wur h'isted up into thet hole, an' I thought as how I'd never live no more nobow."

"While I wur up thar I heard the fellers frum their hill open, an' by the time I struck the ground, the rifles war crackin' purty lively, now I tell you. The hull face uv the airth wur kivered w' smoke, an' Ben war'n nobow ter see."

"I waited a minit to see ef he'd kin down, an' then I put fur whar the boyes wur pepperin' the imps as kem outen the hole."

"The work war nigh about over when I got down, but thar wur one more yet."

"Es I wur watchin' the path, I suddenly see the figger uv a man come stumblin' an' reelin' outen the cave, staggerin' about an' feelin' w' his hands jess 's ef he wur blind."

"His face an' hands an' close, them thet wur left, war es black es a nigger, an' his hair an' beard hed be swunged off close up."

"Twur a awful sight, an' I a-most felt sorry fur the imp."

"Hank Ballard, by the eternal!" I heard ole Ben shout, an' es he sed it, the imp sorter halted an' hilt onto ther rocks."

"The next minit I heard the crack uv a rifle, an' the pizen serpent wur past ever robbin' another train er enny thing else."

"Es the gun cracked he sorter doubled up es though he wur hurt bad, an' then suddenly lettin' go all holts, he tumbled off ther cliff an' went down, swoopin' eends, till he struck the rocks b'low. Outen all thet war in ther den, on'y one got c'lar. Ther cave wur tore all to pieces, an' though Ole Ben felt powerful bad over wastin' a hull keg uv fust-rate rifle-powder, he wur pacerfied like, when he see as how he'd destroyed the wust gang uv robbers thet ever cut up devilry on the border."

Readers and others interested in knowing which is the most beautiful, in paper, typography and illustration of all the papers, are invited to compare this and succeeding issues of the

SATURDAY JOURNAL

with any or all the other weeklies. This challenge is made, not as a boast but merely to indicate a fact which it were well for those to understand who are seeking for the best. N. B. In this quality of superiority our competitors are at perfect liberty to "imitate" us—if they can!

A FRAGMENT.

BY WILLIAM W. LONG.

Oh! the sunny hours of childhood
Have passed from earth away,
Like flowers of the wildwood,
That die with autumn's sway.
For the glory of the flowers,
And the bright dreams of the heart,
Live but a few short hours,
Then wither and depart.

Cruiser Crusoe: OR, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFORST.

NUMBER FORTY-SIX.

WHEN I made my mad and desperate leap from the wreck, it was the belief of all that I had sunk to rise no more; and though they made frantic and desperate efforts to reach the ship once again, the wind and waves were too much for them. At last, those who were in the boat resolved that to remain by the wreck was madness; and putting the helm up, let her go before the wind.

The shore of the island, upon which the vessel had struck, was so bleak and arid, to all appearance, on that misty day, that none cared even to attempt a landing, but flew right before the wind, in the direction of the continent, which the skipper firmly believed to be at no great distance. While endeavoring to take me off, they had lost sight of the yawl, and of it they never saw sight again.

The wind had much abated from the fearful gale which had been the destruction of the good barque Reformation, so that by baling and careful steering, they were able to keep themselves from sinking, until toward evening they espied a dark mass in the distance, which, on nearer approach, appeared to be a pile of rocks, against which the waves washed angrily.

The landing-place was difficult of access, but one of the negroes, who was a bit of a sailor, undertook to steer in the boat under the direction of the captain, who, moreover, directed everybody to look out, for there was little doubt everybody would be upset, a sorrowful look-out for my mother and younger brothers and sisters. Every preparation was made to guard against this contingency, but the rollers were too much for them, and though the negroes leaped out to lighten the boat, it no sooner touched than over it went, without, however, any injury to anybody, thanks to the agility and energy of the blacks.

The boat, however, was so broken as to be a wreck, while very little was saved that was useful to the fugitives, whose desolation, dwelling as nearly all of them did on my loss, may be more easily conceived than faithfully described.

In deep darkness, on a bleak and arid shore, with a northerly wind blowing, they suffered all the same miseries which made my existence at first unendurable. They had some provisions, but no water, that having been lost in the staving in of the boat. In this condition, after some search, they found a rock of some dimensions, which sheltered them from the extreme severity of the blast. Thus huddled up together for warmth, the children pressed into their midst, they passed the weary night.

Nor did day bring them any sensible relief. They were in a land-locked bay, without any apparent means of ascending to the summit of the cliffs, while nothing could be seen save a thicket of very poor trees, and for eatables, a few mussels and cockles which clung to the rocks, and were eagerly taken off and devoured.

They, however, found water ere the young people learned to know the horrors of extreme thirst, which was a great consolation to the elders.

This done, it was resolved that the strongest and most energetic of the sufferers should form a party to explore, while the wounded captain and the women should remain with the children. There were two of my sisters nearly women, but the other two were much younger, while my brothers were mere children. All the rest of the party have been already mentioned.

My father, uncle, and the four blacks, with a youth who had been a midshipman on board, by name Andrew Gordon, the only one except the captain who did not join the crew in the yawl, for reasons best known to himself, composed the search party. They were wholly without weapons, none having been thought of in the hurry of escape.

They, however, carried long sharp-pointed sticks for their defense against wild beasts, and then began their peregrinations, which, however, brought no other result for a long time but to show them the utter misery of their position. They were imprisoned in a space not a mile square, with no means of exit.

Suddenly, however, my father began to take notice of the birds which wheeled about at the mouth of the cavern—for he was in the very bay where I had been terrified by the discovery of the Indian girl's canoe—and knew them. This was a matter of considerable importance, as promising some food of a nutritious character. Some minutes after a negro, who had lagged behind, gave a shriek of delight; he had found a turtle benumbed by the northerly wind, and had turned it.

This was a great piece of good fortune, as not only would the flesh of the turtle be pleasant, but the shell would make a tolerable steppan. On the strength of this a fire was made from great quantities of dry and driftwood on the beach—no negro being ever without his tinder-box—and a messenger dispatched for the women and children, who, however, on first seeing the smoke had moved that way, leading the infirm captain.

Not a word was said of the adjunction of birds' nests to the turtle soup, which being salted from some natural salt-pans, proved most nutritious and agreeable to all. This unexpected cause of delay having been settled, it was resolved to explore the cave; and as it was at once found that it was a means of communication with the inner country, the whole party of men hurried through with great hope, delight, and satisfaction.

The aspect of the valley and lake with its many islands was grateful in the extreme, especially as the volcano being not burning, they were unaware of their fearful proximity to a volcanic mountain. Without a moment's delay, it was determined to let the women and young folk participate in the happiness which the discovery had generated in their minds.

While my father and uncle remained to

explore the lake, and seek a place on its shores where something like an awning of leaves and boughs might be erected to protect them from the night air, the others hurried back to assist them through the cavern. Both my father and uncle were too sanguine as to the powers of so many to build something which would float them to a habitable part, to feel any very great uneasiness.

This made them more sanguine and less uneasy at the idea of the fact of their having no firearms, which otherwise would have been a circumstance of serious moment. Besides, as they did not despair of repairing their boat, they purposed an early visit to the wreck, both to visit it and to search for me.

With knives, and by the exertion of main strength, they began to lay in the materials for two large huts—one for the men, one for the women—in which to pass their first night in the interior of the island. And lucky it was that they had found it, for before midnight it blew such a gale from the northward again as would have frozen them to death in the bay below.

Next morning, therefore, it was resolved that

SLIDING DOWN THE HILL

BY JOE JOE, JR.

The snow is falling softly down,
Though it is not so strange a sight;
Whoever saw it falling on a hill,
And then you know it's always white.

It softly falls—it don't fall hard,
As anybody would suppose,
Or I would be severely hurt
By that flake falling on my nose.

This little article called snow
Stirs up forgotten memories—
The years that passed me by so slow
Faded, and my youth before me lies.

Again I leave the schoolroom door,
(Ah, how the boy's blood fingers still!)
And go with all the noisy crowd
To slide with Maggie down the hill.

Upon the hill's high crest again
I seem to poise my painted sled,
That won't hold still while she gets on,
But always wants to go ahead.

Or while she thinks she's safe aboard
It isn't under her wing we go,
And down she comes upon the snow,
Which makes my face red as her nose.

I tremble, help her up again,
But ah, she fears to go alone!
So, by her side I take my place,
And as she slides a narrow one.

About her waist my arm must fold,
To save my fair one from a fall;
A start, and then—away we go
With speed that leaves behind us all!

Oh, gleaming snow, so lightly pressed,
Two little hearts you never knew,
Our hands are in a perfect whirl,
And oh, our beating hearts are too!

Like birds upon the wing we go,
I say—"My beautiful, my own!"
But here we strike a hidden stump,
And like two wheels go whirling down.

Down, down I think we'll never stop,
I think the world has broken loose,
I think I'm a pretty goose,
Then we bring up against a fence—

I'm bruised my head, and arm and knee,
I think it must have spoiled her voice,
For she could never speak to me.

The Forged Letter;
OR,
Not a Moment too Soon.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"He stands between me and notoriety. Were it not for him I would rise, and in a few years, attain the pinnacle of my ambition—the judicial bench. I possess his legal learning, but not his eloquence. He moves hearts of adamant, and men who never wept now weep at the vivid pictures he draws before the bench. His name is where mine should be—on every tongue. He will wear the judge's ermine, and I, his equal, must plead before him. Things must not come to such a pass. My path to the bench shall be an unobstructed one, for he shall be removed."

Thus spoke Wilfred Anderson, as he walked from the court-room which had echoed to the eloquence of the man he hated. The lawyer, as the reader has seen in his soliloquy, was ambitious. He aspired to the bench; but Frederick Knight stood in his path. The young lawyer had burst upon the city with the suddenness and dazzling glory of a meteor, winning thousands of hearts with his matchless eloquence. Whenever he had a cause before the bench, the halls of justice were sure to be thronged, and the journals were filled with deserved eulogiums.

Wilfred Anderson noticed all these things with feelings better imagined than described, and the dark resolve constituting the last sentence of his soliloquy, he pledged himself to keep.

The rising young lawyer never dreamed of Wilfred's treachery. He believed him what he seemed to his face—the incarnation of friendship and brotherly love. Wilfred shrank from the idea of murder, in connection with his rival. At heart he was the veriest coward that ever walked the earth, and lacked the nerve to aim the dagger home, or administer the poison in a social glass.

But, Frederick Knight should never reach the goal already in sight. He should die, or live despised by the thousands who worshipped him, and hung upon his eloquence with mingled envy and admiration.

At last Wilfred Anderson hit upon a feasible plan looking to the attainment of his desires. He would summon the demon drink to his aid, and they together would drag his rival from his enviable position to the depths of degradation.

At once he set to work. For weeks the results of his dark plots were scarcely perceptible, and he almost despaired of ultimate success. At last he discovered that his rival loved a beautiful woman, and he resolved to estrange the pair. That accomplished he knew that Frederick would raise the damning bowl to his lips without much urging, and pause not until he had drunk its dregs.

An adept in cunning villainy, Wilfred Anderson penned a letter in delicate chirography, to which he affixed the name of a well-known woman lost to all which is good and noble. In his office, all alone, he did this deed, and one night he placed the letter, which was addressed to his rival, before the door of his betrothed. He knew that she would find it the coming morning, and believed that intense curiosity would overcome her, and bring his desires to a speedy fruition.

The attorney's plans worked to a charm. Opening the door the following morning, Nettie Reynolds discovered the letter which she believed her lover had dropped the past night, while he conversed with her upon the steps.

"I will keep it until he comes again," she said, half-audibly, stooping and picking up the letter.

As she gazed upon the delicate superscription the color left her cheeks, and the letters attained the brilliancy of living coals. She tried in vain to beat back the curiosity that throbbed at the gates of her heart, and, at last, she drew the letter from the oblong envelope and mastered its contents.

One shriek welled from her throat, as she read the depraved name appended to the letter, and she sunk to the floor wholly insensible, crushing the fatal missive in her hands.

That night Frederick sought her side, and calmly she drew the betrothal ring from her finger and extended it toward him.

ing his letter-case from his pocket. "Not a letter is missing from the receptacle. And, besides, I possess none which I would be ashamed to let you read."

"Frederick Knight, you did drop a letter on the stoop. I will listen to no denial, which but further criminales you. Go from my presence. Never tread these carpets with your unsanctified feet again. Go!"

She stood before him like a wronged queen, and pointed with quivering finger to the door.

"Nettie—" he remonstrated, to be interrupted with the unequivocal command: "Go!"

He did not move. "Enemies are at work," he cried. "They have forged a letter for the purpose of estranging us. Nettie, hear me. I swear—" "Add not perjury to falsehood," she said, stepping to the door and throwing it wide.

"Take your departure instantly, or I shall summon the police and have you forcibly ejected from my presence."

He cast upon her an indescribable look of grief, and then slowly strode from the dwelling.

Nettie Reynolds closed the door to sink to the floor, and give way to the flood of tears which rushed into her eyes.

She loved Frederick Knight—loved him with all her heart, and it was hard to give him up. She believed the evidence of the letter found on the stoop, and had never dreamed that he possessed an enemy in the world.

Wilfred Anderson went into ecstasies over the success of his schemes, and believed the remainder of his conquest mere child's play. To him the dismissed suitor confessed his troubles, and Wilfred experienced no difficulty in persuading him to drown them in the intoxicating bowl. Step by step the young Demosthenes descended the stairs of degradation; and day by day his brilliant reputation waned. People deplored this, and cursed the demon that was rapidly extinguishing the brightest light of the northern bar.

At last the startling facts reached the ears of Frederick's father. The old man refused to believe the stories of his son's ruin until an ocular proof was forced upon him. One evening, while the old gentleman was seated alone at the supper-table, Frederick staggered into the room, and, clutching a chair, fell full length at his feet. Bending over his son, Hirtley Knight shed scalding tears, and cursed the day of his birth. Thus the ser-



THE FORGED LETTER.

vant found father and son when he entered the apartment, bearing a light.

When the drunkard recovered his reason, his father spoke to him only as a father can speak to an erring son. Frederick made promises which he knew he could not keep. He knew that he could not resist the tempter—knew that it would lead him to the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's hell.

At last the bar could no longer overlook his degradation; and, without a dissenting voice, forbade him, once its brightest ornament, to practice before it.

The news of the action of the bar reached Frederick Knight during a moment of sobriety. He saw the dreadful abyss into which he was about to plunge, and shrank back aghast. Then he prayed for strength to resist the tempter, and made many glorious resolves for the future.

Alas! he could not keep a single resolve of reformation; and once more he found himself plunging headlong to ruin.

"If she loved me now as once she did," he cried, one day, thinking of Nettie Reynolds, "I could resist the demon. I would drive him from me, and compel him to keep his distance."

The following morning he caused to be inserted in the columns of the *Herald* a "personal," reading thus:

"Nettie R—: With your love I can resist the demon intemperance and be a man. Come to me. If you arrive after eight o'clock, to-night, (June 12th), you will find my body spiritless."

Nettie Reynolds did not see the "personal" intended for her until she had returned home from obeying a summons received quite late in the afternoon. The fallen angel, whose name had been appended to the letter found on the stoop, was lying, and the summons which Nettie had obeyed was from her. The young girl hurried to the house of infamy, and heard from lips, rapidly growing cold in death, the exonerating of her lover from all charges against him.

Wilfred Anderson's dark plot was exposed by the dying creature, and with a light heart Nettie returned home.

She had scarcely entered the house, when her mother pointed to the personal, and, pale with affright, Nettie glanced at the clock. The hour-hand covered seven, and it was a long way to Frederick's law-office. Fearful that she would arrive too late to prevent the suicidal act, if she tarried a moment, she flew from the house and dashed down the street.

Street after street she traversed, until she breathlessly bounded up the steps leading to Frederick's room. As her hand touched the

knob, the neighboring spire clock pealed forth the hour of eight, and an ominous silence seemed to sleep beyond the door. Unable to restrain herself longer, she dashed the door open and sprang into the room.

Before her stood Frederick Knight, pressing the barrel of a revolver against his temple. A moment later and he would have launched himself into eternity. His finger was pressing the trigger when, with a shriek called forth by the thrilling sight, Nettie grasped his arm and spoke:

"Frederick, take not the life I love. Respect the past, and live for the future. I will help you resist the tempter."

He smiled, stooped and kissed her, and made resolves which he, with her love, fulfilled to the letter.

When Wilfred Anderson saw Nettie Reynolds happy again, and his rival rescued from a drunkard's grave, he fled the city, fearing vengeance at the hands of the man he had wronged.

Everybody rejoiced at Frederick Knight's reformation, and assisted him to regain the brilliant reputation he had lost. Nobly has he succeeded, and, to-day, as Judge Knight, he honorably fills a position of trust under the Government.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Young "Bruin's" B'ar Fight.

BY RALPH KINGWOOD.

"HAND over that bottle uv aggerdinty, Ralph, my boyee," said Rube Harkins, "an' let Grizzly wet ther inside uv his weezein. He ar' goin' to tell us how the youngster, yander, got the name as he goes by—Bruin!"

Wal, it's a most es quare es Grizzly, but dum my ole hide ef it ain't a good 'un, an' I bet high the boyee 'rned it fairly."

"Yer right thar, Rube," said the great bear-tamer. "An' I jess likes ter tell the yarn."

"Drive ahead, ole hoss," said Rube, settling himself.

"Well, hyar goes, but don't enny uv ye let the y'ungster kim over whar we ar', while I'm a-narratin', fur he'll spile the hull thing."

"It warent no great while arter he kim out from ther States, when this thing happened as hes tacked this name onto him, an' when

"Well, arter the lad hed been gone awhile, I sot to work cleanin' an' fixin' up my shootin'-irons, an' soon hed both ther rifle an' six-shooter scattered all over the blanket thet war spread afore ther fire."

"Twar a foolish thing ter do, but, lordy! I didn't never onc' think thet thet'd be enny use fur 'em thet day!"

"Well, thar I sot, comf'ble as a piebald kitten 'long side uv a bake-oven, fur I hed on a roarin' fire to warm up the y'ungster when hed kim in, when all at onc' I hear his rifle speak, an' purty soon arter, three er four cracks from his six-shooter follered."

"I could tell by the way he sot thet the lad war in a tight place, an' I begin grabbin' an' hustlin' my things together, gettin' rifle-scrows inter ther pistol, an' pistol-scrows inter ther rifle, all mixed up an' in ther durndest mess kim uv a muss. In a minit more I heard another shot, an' then a yelp, an' with thet I drapped ev'rythin' else, grabbed my knife, an' made fur the door."

"Well, darn my ole moccasins, ef ever I see sich a sight es I see thet time."

"Down the side uv the mounting, jumpin' an' leapin' eckle to enny Kaintuck catamount, kim the rifle in one hand, an' suthin' else huggud up in his left arm, an' just ahead, pushin' him hard, now I tell you, war thet thet biggest an' mightiest grizzly b'ar thet ever I see in all my experence."

"The b'ar, when I fust see 'em, war 'bout thirty yard behind, but he war closin' the gap powerful fast, as the y'ungster lep by whar I stood, makin' fur ther redwood layin' 'cross ther gully, an' a-shoutin' es loud es he could holler—"

"Hyar he comes with our fresh meat!"

"I hopes I may never chaw buffer ag'in ef I didn't jess bust out a-larin'."

"A h— uv a way thet war to fetch in fresh meat, an' it looked to me powerful likely thet me an' ther boyee war a-goin' ter be made meat outen ourselves."

"When they struck level ground the b'ar gained ef ev'ry jump, an' when the boyee reached the log, the critter could c'cemoost grip ther tail uv his huntin'-shirt, which stuck right squar out behind."

"The brute never took the least notice uv me, not a wink, but skooted straight on arter the lad."

"Es they passed whur I stood I see what it made ole Eph so mad. The boyee hed one uv her cubs, an' she wanted it."

"Why ther devil didn't the youngster

"While this leetle amusemant war goin' on, I'd got my rifle an' six-shooter in order, but the y'ungster hollered not ter shoot, an' I didn't."

"Twar wrong, an' kim darn nigh costin' the boyee his life."

"You see, es he kinder got used to ther thing, he got more an' more ventersum, an' purty soon I see him riz up on his feet, holdin' on by ther body uv ther tree, an' jab his knife into ole Eph's belly. It war a foolish an' hard-headed thing, an' I hollered, but not in time."

"Quicker as a flash o' greased lightnin' the b'ar wheeled an' grumped his arm, fortunately on'y gettin' holt uv ther backakin, but the grip war anuff ter drag him up onto ther log."

"The lad never grunted, but jess wrapped his legs round ther limb, shifted his knife to 'tther hand, an' begin lettin' the b'ar hev it in ther short ribs."

"Twar pull Dick an' pull Devil, an' the devil, thet war the b'ar, hed, as I thought, the best of it, fur ye all knows what the strength uv a grizzly ar'."

"Leetle by leetle I could see the boyee's legs give way, slippin' off ther limb, ye know, an' leetle by leetle the b'ar lifted him up onto the log."

"How the y'ungster fount! I jess know ole Eph must 'a' thought he'd picked up a snag, an' by the eternal, so he hed! The wust uv the whole thing war thet I couldn't move a darned peg. Ef I shot the b'ar, an' he drapped off, he war sartin ter take the lad 'long with him, fur he still hilt onto the buckskin like grim death."

"I war, es I war, tied hand an' foot."

"I hollered to the boyee ter keep holt uv the limb w' his legs, an' darn my ole moccasins ef he didn't holler back, jess cool es a snow-ball."

"I guess I'm all right, ole man"—an' he war!

"What saved the y'ungster war, thet the b'ar couldn't use his claws onto him. Ef he let go ter rake him, he'd fall offen ther log. An' so he jess sot back and pulled. But, yer see, while ole Eph war pullin', ther boyee war a-usin' thet knife eckle to a steam-jinne—an' wuss."

"By-em-by, I see the b'ar war gettin' weak."

"His fore leg war nigh cut off, an' the blood war pourin' outen a dozen whoppin' holes, 'sides ther three half ounces thet the boyee hed put in up on the mounting."

"The boyee see the b'ar war gettin' weak, an' suddently lettin' go his log holt, he riz to his knees on the log, an' drew his knife clean into ole Eph's eye, ther leff uv."

"Thet war a leetle too much."

"I must 'a' hurt like h—, fur the b'ar broke back, terkin' loose ther hull sleeve, staggered about a bit on the log, shakin' his head an' howlin', an', all at onc', seemed ter grin out, an' over he went, kerflumix, on to ther dornicks below."

"Twar a splendiferous fount, an' when I see the boyee sittin' straddle uv the log, an' ther b'ar gone, dum my ole hide ef I could hardly b'levee my own eyes. The lad loadened uv his six-shooter, an' sot thar fillin' ole Eph full o' holes, till he war plum dead."

"What kim uv ther cub, Grizzly?" asked one of the boys.

"That's the best part uv it."

"Arter the b'ar war gone under, we goes down an' picks up the kitten, which warent on'y stunted by the fall, an' fotched it into camp."

"The lad took to it jess as nateral, an' afore the week war over, it'd got es used to him es ef he'd been its mammy."

"If ar' gittin' a leetle ugly now—fur ye see we ar' got him down at Randal, an' will snap now an' then, but it's fonder uv Bruin, hyar, nor enny other livin' thing."

"Yer see, what with ther fight, an' his nussin' the cub so nateral, I jess went to work an' christen'd the boyee—BRUIN ADAMS."

Beat Time's Notes.

You can't always tell when a dog is going to bite you, but when he has your leg between his teeth and shuts down on it suddenly, you may be sure you are bitten. If your business leads you much around people's back yards at night, you stand many chances of being bitten. If you are certain the dog intends to bite you, hold his lower jaw firmly, or put a stick between his teeth and tie it securely, or it would be good policy to draw his teeth out.

If a large bull-dog runs out at you on the sidewalk, it would be better for you to be over in another ward or up a tree.

In going by dogs, it would be policy to have your legs incased in armor—two stove-pipes and an iron kettle would answer; without this you will lose much meat, unless you are exceedingly tough. If a dog does bite you, don't complain of it to his master; the chances are that you will get licked in the bargain; nor to the authorities, for you will be fined for contempt of court.

If a mad-dog bites you, bite him back.

When I have no money, then is the time I need it the most, but when I have plenty of it, I don't need it half so bad.

It matters very little if a friend has false hair, or false teeth, but save me from him if he has a false tongue.

The visions that most haunt the minds of the people of Paris are pro-visions.

BUSINESS men should learn to do their part—and their partners.

There can be no difference between a bare lie and the naked truth in the matter of apparel.

Doctors should practice more than they profess.

Long accounts make short friends.

If a man weighing 150 pounds loses 1 pound each day, what will he weigh in 155 days?

MULTIPLY 2 bushels, 3 pecks and 1 quart by 24 rods, 6 feet and 2 inches; add 10 pounds, 2 ounces and 1 grain, and see if you can lift it without straining yourself.

For dinner I ate a whole baked goose, one mince pie, and two loaves of bread; please state in figures how hungry I was.

I was 4 feet high when I was 12 years old. I am now 5 feet 10 inches high; how old am I?